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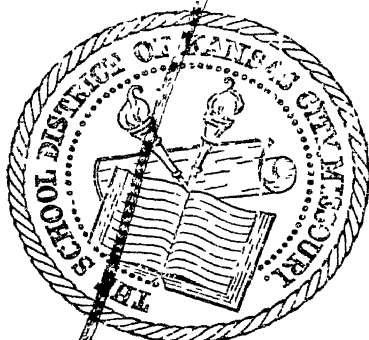
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**ANTHOLOGY
OF NEWSPAPER VERSE
FOR 1929**

**By
FRANKLYN PIERRE DAVIS**

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FRANKLYN PIERRE
DAVIS' ANTHOLOGY
OF
NEWSPAPER VERSE

FOR 1929



By
FRANKLYN PIERRE DAVIS, M. D., PH. G.
Member Poetry Society of America



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FOREWORD

In presenting the eleventh annual volume of this Anthology, it is interesting to note that the Red Winged Blackbird, the dog, and the daffodil continue to hold first place as subjects for poems in their respective fields.

The reason for the continued vogue of the Red Winged Blackbird is a perplexing one. This bird is found only in a limited section of the country; in low and swampy places. Yet the voices of poets singing his praise may be heard from mountain tops to desert plains. He is no doubt interesting as he swings on a swaying reed, beside some silent water, singing a love song to his mate, and watching his wavering shadow in the darkening pool.

There is no mystery about the dog. Whenever man wishes a symbol of constancy and unselfish devotion, his mind turns instinctively to the dog.

I never could understand the vogue of the daffodil. It is not beautiful when compared to many other flowers. It seems to be a very convenient rhyme word. This year for the first time it had a very close rival in the lowly dandelion. The dandelion is beautiful when in the evening the green tint of the lawn is dotted with golden discs of mellow moonlight like glistening golden coins.

The subjects that seemed to be of most interest to our people generally were the tragic and weird, aviation, and flowers. Was 1929 a year of melancholia for the American people?

For the first time in eleven years I am permitted to include a poem from the state of Nevada.

Franklyn Pierre Davis.

■

TO

These good friends

ARTHUR GOODENOUGH

CHARLES A. HEATH

HENRY POLK LOWENSTEIN

*Who for eleven years have so greatly encouraged
me, I sincerely dedicate this volume.*

A DOG'S HOWL

You've seen old men whose pipes kept going out?
Old men that tamped and fired unheedingly?
Eager old men, so full of words they missed
The hand's intent? This way was Nason Hall.
And often Nason sat with Uncle Ned
And Dobbert Sims. Three men too old for work.

"A year ago tonight," mused Dobbert Sims.
"Dick Dalton died. Just nine weeks from the day
A dog howled at his window sill. All men
Don't go by signs, yet Dalton died, and I
For one won't venture how it came about."

Now, none denied that Dalton's death was odd,
Yet Uncle Ned combed at his beard, a trait
He had when talk went out of bounds. "No doubt,"
He said, "it was a spooky circumstance,
But nothin' 's proved by every prank of fate,
Loose chance'll not unharness me from truth!"

"Quite right!"—and Nason spat against the stove—
"But, Ned, you can't deny that age on age
Speaks of its ghosts. Time reeks with spooks. That's why
There's still the barest doubt"—waving his hand—
"A chance we might come back to haunt this room!"

"Get out!" scoffed Sims. "We'll not come back! My guess
Suggests our souls will have too much to do!"
The speaker grinned. Then coughed to hide his mirth.

"Such talk's for fools," rasped Uncle Ned. "Look here,
Can you sit there—either of you—and swear,
Eh, start to swear, you ever saw a ghost?"
They did not answer and a pause ensued.

Then Nason spoke, his faded eyes half closed.
"I'll grant you, Ned, you're well-nigh always right,
Only a thing so strange as happened once
To Dick and me—poor Dick—" He struck a match
And sucked the flame into his failing pipe
And waited then as though the story would
Require persuasion and a certain pomp.

"You mean that Dick and you—?" urged Uncle Ned, His stubborn brows upraised. "He does!"—sighed Sims, And hunched his chair. But Nason calmly knocked His pipe and stretched. Deliberately, he held Them off, sat down, and filled his pipe again.

"What I must tell," and Nason smoked a while, "Is strange, yet true, crazy perhaps." He spat And wiped a driveling beard upon his hand. "The day—the last day—that I saw poor Dick We'd gone to town to trade. While there, a dog Sneaked up and sniffed at us. Mangy and gaunt, Implorin' to the eye, too cowed to shoo, The beast just followed us around. It seemed A kind of fate. Like fate it weighed upon My mind, until, the Devil promptin' me, I looked at Dick and hinted that the dog Was queer, or else the brute remembered us From some forgotten day. This puzzled Dick. But by and by he guessed I might be right. So, seein' him prepared for it, I sprang This trick of souls—how this strange hound might be Someone returned to life—someone we'd known. Some friend we'd let go down, nor tried to aid. And Dick turns back and lifts that homeless dog Into his arms. Yes, sir, poor Dick bought bones And crackin' them with his great hands against The curb, fed marrow to that whinin' cur!"

"Haw! Haw!" and Dobbert Sims was open scorn. "An ancient hoax," he roared, "this tradin' souls! Dick Dalton swallowed it, no doubt. You scared Him stiff. Yet still he could be scared and not Convinced. Maybe he wanted to be sure, And fed the dog. Some men are geared that way."

"Forget it, Sims!" growled Uncle Ned, "I'll not Listen to idle judgment of the dead!"

"Quite right!" joined Nason—fumbling for a match—"Friend Ned, you're right. Poor Dick was liked by all. Who knows—" he paused as though he heard a sound Beyond the room—"I've puzzled it for hours But never get—" again he paused and turned Attentively. Outside, a minor sound Broke on the night—a gate stirred by the wind— And Nason, reassured, turned back to speak

When Dobbert Sims held up a warning hand.
Observing this, both Ned and Nason cocked
Their heads to hear. The night was desert-still.
Then suddenly a dog howled from the yard,
Long-drawn and deep, a weird, foreboding wail,
So near, it rose against the very wall
That propped their chairs. A solitary howl
And then no other sound. Once, Sims essayed
To speak, "Nine weeks," he whispered, 'to a day,"
And catching Ned's cold eye, he said no more.

Solemnly, Uncle Ned rose from his chair.
"Your story, Nason, has no weight except
The heft of chance. And you"—he turned to Sims—
"You are a bigger fool than any dog
That ever howled!" This said, he seized his cane
And holding it for instant use, set out
For home. They heard him cross the yard and bang
The gate, and then, unduly loud, his cane's
Persistent thud long after he had gone.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. (1929) *Lowe W. Wren.*

DESERT RAT AND NIGHT WIND

What in tarnation's that cussed wind cryin' about?
All night long like a hungry lobo
It's been shriekin' an' wailin' out there,
Snarlin' at the window, gnashin' at the door,
Tearin' at the loose shakes on the old shack,
Actin' just like somethin' tryin' to get inside;
Ravin' an' howlin' so I can't get to sleep.
What's it complainin' about, anyhow?
It jabbers away at times 'most like a lost soul,
With a voice that sounds a lot like my old pal Pete.
But sho! it can't be Pete.
Didn't I pile rocks mountain high on his body
Out there in the desert after I'd croaked him
As I told him a million times I would
If he didn't quit puttin' so blamed much sody in the
biscuits? . . .
No, no, it can't be old Pete out there! An' yet, an'
yet . . .
Dad burn that wind, it's drivin' me crazy!
But I'll get away from it an' fool old Pete, too.

Ha, ha! he won't find me here if he does get in.
Let's see, now . . . where's that old fusee of his?
Ha, here it is, an' loaded, too.
Now you cussed old wind howl and rave away
But you ain't goin' to keep me awake no longer.
There, got my toe on the trigger. Now, to hell with
you
An' old Pete . . .

Oscar H. Roesner.

The Albany (Oregon) Democrat-Herald.

THE AIR-MAIL PILOT

Oh flier-by-night, what dreams do you weave
Piercing the heart of inviolate space?
As your dauntless wings lift high and higher,
What do you glean from your roaring race?

Alone in the pit, with your cigarette,
Is your flight but a jolly adventuring,
Or does your whirling propeller blade
Echo a song your youth would sing?

Companionate of the wheeling stars
Or battling storm and stress of cold,
Are you tuned to the intimate touch of God,
His vastness gripping you in its hold?

Thundering on and on and on . . .
Following blindly a flaming quest . . .
What of the dreams you thread on the clouds
While earth rocks by and tired birds nest?

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt." May 18, 1929.

Anne M. Robinson.

THE HOSTEL

Well, I know an hostel olden,
Where the guests go out and in,
Some in bright attire and golden,
Some in weeds of woe and sin.
Saints and sinners, heroes, cravens,
O'er its waiting threshold throng;
And its low guest-chambers echo
Sighs sometimes, and sometime song.

Well I know an ancient hostel
Weather-stained without, within—
And the noisy people jostle
Each as each goes out or in.
Some are coming, some are going—
Ever more from sun to sun—
Like a tide forever flowing—
And the tale is never done.

From the future to the present—
From the present to the past—
Fair and frowning—grim or pleasant,
Pass—like shadows that are cast!
In their scarlets, in their yellows,
In their raiment gay or grave;
Lettered wights and vulgar fellows,
Sordid souls and beings brave.

Late and soon the house is teeming,
Comes or goes a transient guest;
Some are real and some are seeming—
But the ghosts are like the rest.
I it is who am the hostel,
Beaten both by wind and rain;
And the guests who press and jostle
Are the thoughts that throng my brain!

The Rutland (Vt.) Herald.

Arthur Goodenough.

SONG OF THE SKY RIDER

Listen, O man, to my singing,
Hark to my whirring refrain,
I who down spaces am winging,
Scorning the river and plain;
Curled in your bed you are sleeping,
Blankets drawn up to your chin—
As I over chasms am leaping,
Assigned to some goal I must win.
Yours are the bathrobe, the slipper,
And pillow all puffy and white,
Mine are the Twins and the Dipper,
And all the high wonder of night.

There on the north is the snowing,
Muffling the south is the fog—
O Mississippi! your flowing
Seems less than a sluggardly jog.
What is that smear on the prairie,
Mixture of sunbeams and smoke?
That is a city—proud, merry,
Wearing humanity's yoke.
Yours are the halting and slipping,
And the sly sneer of the stream,
Mine are the darting and dipping,
The thunderbolt, rainbow and dream.

Peaks cringe ahead in their ermine,
Yonder Superior sprawls.
That's not a snake, I determine,
But a freight train that pantingly crawls.
Herds on the ranges are resting.
Cowboys are spinning their tales,
As, eagle-like, I am breasting
The embers of sunset, the gales.
Lips of the stars fling their kisses,
God is my pilot, emprise—
I, the crowned son of all blisses,
I, the throned rider of skies.

The Sioux Falls (S. Dak.) Press.

Will Chamberlain.

LAST RED LEAF

Autumn's flame had died to embers.
On the elms a few pale leaves
Whirled like windmills
And then dropped, one by one.
The maples in front of the house
Still showed traces of color.
On the mountains
There were patches of brown and yellow,
With here and there a brilliant maple.
The air was warm and hazy.
A chipmunk rustled in the leaves.
A cricket chirped.
From the valley
Came the droning buzz of the big saw.

* * *

Grandma Ellis turned from the window

And picked up her mending.
"If I was t' live my life over
I'd take a lesson from them trees."
She dropped her work in her lap
And shoved her glasses up on her forehead.
"When I begun to git ripe
And meller up with age
I'd put on th' gayest things
I cud find, same as them trees,
'Stead o' wearin' this everlastin' black."
She rocked a minute.
"I've a mind t' git out that red shawl
Aunt Millie left me
And wear it t' meetin'
Next Sunday.

* * *

And the next Sunday
Grandma wore the red shawl.
The last bright leaf had fallen.

The Manchester (N. H.) Journal.

Walter A. Hard

WHEN YOUTH IS DONE

Where shall we go, Dolores
When youth is done?
Out of the winds of heaven,
Out of heaven's sun?

Far from the dawn-touched hilltops
Where late we trod,
Each with a heart uplifted,
Brave as a god;

Far from the green surf beating,
On packed white sand
Never to wander laughing,
Hand clasped in hand!

Never about our bodies
Sea's kiss again,
Never to thrill at roar of
Our rising plane!

Snug in some chimney corner,
When years are spent,
Say, shall we sit, Dolores,
And dream, content?

Never for us, my darling,
Who as gods soared
Up through the windy heavens
While our plane roared.

Better than life's dull twilight
And dregs of pain
A last long flight, Dolores—
A shattered plane!

The Beaumont (Texas) Enterprise.

Aline Michaelis.

THE PASSING OF THE PINES

(Commemorating Michigan's last log drive, August, 1929.)

Michigan's last log drive went down the Manistique River in August of this year. The lumber industry came into being in this state in 1832, and its cessation is an unpleasant indictment against the prodigality of the producer, inasmuch as it should have lasted for centuries to come, instead of passing out in less than 100 years.

The moon looks on tonight with saddened face
While dead ghost loves float down the Manistique,
Mound-builders that no fathoming pen can trace,
The wild Algonquin, stained and striped of cheek.
The land and river woodsman wrapped in blue
And scarlet bells that slashed the singing breeze,
These are her loves—her loves that pause to view
The lonely barren graveyard of her trees.

Oh, mangled man-raped sweetheart of the shade!
Whose martyred bones live on in stunted stems;
Where are your rustling robes, where are the jade
And star-filled hands that brushed the skies with gems?
The last log drive has gone—but we who weep
Have come too late—too late to soothe her sleep.

The Detroit (Mich.) News.

Cecilia Maloney

"Random Shots," Aug. 23, 1929.

PASSING OF A PIONEER

His feet were tired of middle western streets,
Asphalted, paved and lined by modern stores,
His eyes were weary of the narrowed skies
Framed by his office windows and the doors,
He was a man who loved the long, low hills,
And saddles reeking of the horses' sweat;

Who ate, and slept, and laughed, and rode and loved,
 And gave himself to life. Did he regret
 The difference of it all? The body worn,
 Irked by stiff clothes he loathed, his feet unsure
 In flat-heeled shoes, and with his voice too loud
 In thin walled rooms? There is no certain cure
 For age, unless it's death. This man liked men,
 But all he knew were gone. He'd seen them go
 Sapped of their joy, and bent and racked by pain,
 And he had wondered, for his heart was young,
 As it had ever been. And yet again
 His mind rebelled when sons' and daughters' sons
 Grew on to youth and wheedled all his change
 And loved him lightly. He was well beloved . . .
 Was that enough? He'd known so wide a range
 Of land and men and gesture, and now this
 Was all he had . . . scant sleep at night, by day
 A weak pretense of business, thin food
 He hated, and the kindly things folks say
 To older men. Wherever he may be,
 I hope there is a horse for him to ride.
 His old companions, young again as he
 To laugh with, and to sleep again beside
 Under some sky as blue as that of old.
 Everything new, a clean slate of the past,
 New deals to venture, days bright with some sun
 To warm the puzzled spirit, freed at last.

The Ardmore (Okla.) Ardmoreite. Dorothy McFarlane.

NEVADA

Paint me a picture, Oh, Painter of Dreams,
 Paint me the place where the white moon gleams
 Like silver lace on Sierras' breast,
 Where the pine trees moan in unsettled rest.
 Paint me the place where the wild peach blows,
 Laved by the rills from deep-packed snows.
 Paint me that flower of heavenly hue,
 The slender stalk of lupine blue,
 The purple sage, all wet with rain.
 Paint, Oh Painter, and ease again
 This mad desire consuming me,
 Nevada's hills again to see.

The Nevada State Journal.
 June 27, 1929.

Bertha Raffetto.

FLIGHT

Steered by unerring hand
Where ineffable light abides,
Follows the trail of the lark
To the haven of his desire,
Whence angel whisperings come
And blend in infinite sweetness.

With what seraphic chorus
Does the soaring bird aspire
To link his minstrelings?

The Birmingham (Ala.) News. *Annie Belle E. Koogle.*
Oct. 27, 1929.

WEAVING A WEB

In my hammock I lay
At the ebb of the day
In the gloam of the eventide,
When a myriad of stars
Were shooting their bars
From their quivers so far and wide.

Hurling silvery light
Through the gates of the night
Like the sheen of a seraph glow
Let down from the skies
To my half-waking eyes
With a rhapsody soft and low,

Weaving ribbons of love
In the heavens above
Were these beams of light overhead;
Through the mazes untrod
That led up to God
Each ribbon of light was shed.

I looked at the cars
Unfettered by bars
Dashing hither and thither and yon,
Through the fog of the street
They hurry and meet,
Weaving webs till the break of the dawn

With a purpose unseen
Is their weaving, I ween,
In a web that bringeth delight;
With their torches of flame
They are playing the game
Weaving Life with the woof of the Night.

The Bella Vista (Ark.) News. *Henry Coffin Fellow.*
August 3, 1929.

ON MIGNONETTE—A GARDEN MEDITATION

There's nothing gay in mignonette,
Or bright to captivate the eye;
Its modesty is so pronounced,
Unnoticed you would pass it by!
But sweetness permeates the air,
You want to know its cause, and set
Your heart on seeking out its source
And find the shrinking mignonette.
Some souls are unobtrusive too,
Possessed of worth both rich and rare;
Though pinched with almost constant pain
They sweeten life up everywhere!
Life's fitful care and fret subside
On memory of such as these,
And humbly for like sweet and calm
One seeks The Source on bended knees!
And thus the fragrant mignonette,
Though unattractive to the eye,
Compels attention and achieves
A matchless moral victory.

The Boston (Mass.) Transcript. *Rev. William Wood.*
Aug. 3, 1929.

THE MYSTIC VAGABOND

Stanzas to the Memory of Bliss Carman

Dear Carman, you have tuned for weary Death
A gipsy's pipe, where under the pole star
He blows your songs of Vagabondia
To make, of an old god's immortal breath,
A new America.

A new America—of ancient speech
And ardors breathed in common, many an age,
Among your own Canadian vicinage
And this of ours, commingling each with each
In mystic heritage.

And there, across the viewless spirit line
That holds no fortress's dividing bann,
Death raises now *your Monument*, to span—
With lyric rhythms of a dream design—
A lovelier bourn of Man.

For poets alone are the high arbiters
Of patriotism to that warless state
Which builds no moats and battlements of hate,
But lifts toward love triumphal towers of verse
From here to Heaven's gate.

So Death, that newly raises you to life,
Greets you on those brave towers you builded long,
And cries your gipsy call to the darkling throng:
"Brothers of earth! All that survives our strife—
All that survives—is Song."

The Boston (Mass.) Transcript.

Percy MacKaye.

THE LEGEND OF BUTTE SAINT PAUL

Harken, O Holy Father,
The scouts move not a foot!
We rest till the blizzard abateth
In the lee of the friendly butte.
'Tis the wraiths of our great ancestors
Who utter their horrible wail,
Many moons since White Cloud has witnessed
Such lashings of springtime gale.
May the paleface comprehend
What cometh for our sake?
O'er the painted and feathered Dakota
Another storm doth break.
Wrapped deep in the snows I shall understand
The language of our land.
The good priest bound by the bitter blast
Heareth the voice from above;
What are the man-made bound'ries and lines
To the Mighty Father of Love?
United States and the Canadas

Fashioned alike by My hand—
 Rear ye a cross when the tempest stays
 To the Christ of the friendly lands!
 Cometh not death from this icy breath
 Still work thou must do for Me,
 When the cross is seen midst icy sheen
 My word shall rest on thee.
 On the day when the blizzard abated
 The priest with his little band
 A green cross hewed of the mountain wood
 For the Christ of the friendly lands:
 "Now witness, one and all
 The cross on Butte Saint Paul!
 Dear Christ thine aid I sought;
 Thou great deliverance wrought;
 Throu night of awful storm
 I saw Thy mangled form;
 Where Thy crimson footsteps led
 That trail I too shall tread.
 I shall return again
 With my little band of men
 To me revealed Thy thought
 To dedicate this spot
 Unto Thy cause, till time doth cease
 To Indian and the paleface, peace;
 In the appointed time, by hands not mine
 Be raised to Christ a greater shrine*,
 Till hills and prairies hear
 The chantings of the pioneer.
 Woe to this shire if cross shall fall,
 Or snow or green on Butte Saint Paul.

*Tarsus Church.

The Bottineau (N. Dak.) Courant. Flora Cameron Burr.
July, 1929.

AT THE SIGN OF THE SPADE

At the Sign of the Spade is an hostel I know
 A good old Inn for the high and the low,
 Where no bill is rendered and no charge is made
 Tho' guests tarry long at the Sign of the Spade.

At the Sign of the Spade there is quiet and rest,
 And chambers gray-shadowed for each weary guest;
 And stripling and gray-beard and matron and maid
 Are welcomed alike at the Sign of the Spade.

From the tumult and strife there is peace to be found
And rest never ending in rooms under ground;
The Summers may bloom and the Winters may fade
But nothing is changed at the Sign of the Spade.

At this oldest of Inns there are shutters of clay
That keep the red glare of the noontide at bay
And all who are sorry or bruised or afraid
Of refuge are sure at the Sign of the Spade.

At the Sign of the Spade stands the landlord all day
And cries to the crowd "Come away! Come away!
The world may disown you and cheat and upbraid
But I'll take you in at the Sign of the Spade!"

"At the Sign of the Spade! do you hear? do you heed?
I'll shut you away from the grief and the greed;
When visions are vanished and welcomes out-stayed
Just come to me here, at the Sign of the Spade!"

Whatever the tumult, whatever the strife
That threatens to deluge and overwhelm life,
Tho' Fortune be cruel—tho' Fate shall upbraid
There is room—never fear—at the Sign of the Spade!

The Brattleboro (Vt.) Reformer. Arthur Goodenough.

GRAF ZEPPELIN

To Capt. Eckener, Lady Hay and Crew
Oh, silver ship assailing through
The infinite blue,
You are an age-old dream come true,
Giant vision of time's master minds,
Rising over, conquering,
Hills and seas and winds;
You have no soul? Ah, from your birth
Destined to explore dim regions
Earth on earth
Your throbbing engines beat
As their master's heart,
Your very form, your motion,
Every part
Bespeaks the dreamer's dream,
This shining thing,
Sky pioneer, adventure's ageless soul,
The utmost heavens sing

For joy that you have bared
Their misty secrets and have dared
Those cloud-grown, unseen ways,
Known only to the stars and storms and sun,
Spirit of New Youth, you mark new days,
Sailing where music sails,
You call it fun,
And distance into space shall swiftly slip,
And men as birds shall wing
The dazzling trails you blazed,
Oh, silver ship.

The Brooklyn (N. Y.) Item.

Francis M. Lipp.

TO 1929

We watch you slipping to the silent shore,
Where Charon waits to ferry you across
The Stygian stream of endless loss
That yields no sound to Charon's airy oar.
You will, like all that ever went before,
Be stripped of all your trappings and your dross;
Your shade will be too thin and frail to toss,
A hail to echo echoing "No More."

Old year! with your false promises and rue,
We'll toss your dust on winds that blow our way;
Remembering your days of sun and blue,
We may feel pensive during your last day,
Yet, bruised by cuffs and kicks we got from you,
We'll bravely face and battle with the new.

*The Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier-Express. Mary Q. Laughlin.
Dec. 25, 1929.*

THE SHAMROCK

I've seen the fairest flower bloom in oriental climes,
And watched royal palms bow allegiance to the breeze,
I've satisfied a longing with invigorating limes,
That grew in plenteous clusters beside the tropic seas;
I've cuddled up to nature, unsullied then by art,
Now fancy's beck'ning finger their glories all recall,
Tho' I yield to their memories a place within my heart,
'Tis Erin's verdant shamrock holds the honored place
of all.

O, ever precious trefoil; O, beloved trinity,
Thy sturdy little tendrils bring recollections fond;
My heart, aflame with honest love, goes out in ecstasy
To playmates unforgotten in that little isle beyond.
Let who will attune his harp in praise of tropic lands,
'Mid scenes suggesting paradise let song and singer rest,
Or lilt a lay at dewy eve beside some coral strand,
But leave to me the shamrock that 'minds me of
the West.

*The Buffalo (N. Y.) Evening News. John S. Ormsby.
March 16, 1929.*

THANKSGIVING

We thank Thee, Lord,
For all Thy blessings, for our bed and board,
For surplus blessings which we will not hoard
But spend for Thee.

We thank Thee, Lord,
For life, and for the lives we love
That walk beside us as we upward move
To our true home.

We thank Thee, Lord,
For Thine abiding grace
Sufficient for our needs in every place
Where'er we roam.

We thank Thee, Lord,
We cannot get beyond Thy love and care,
As Thou art here Thou wilt be everywhere.
And make our home.

*The Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier-Express. Phoebe A. Naylor.
Nov. 28, 1929.*

THANKSGIVING

The fields are bare, the woods are brown,
And southward now the wild birds fly;
The winter chill has come at last,
And summer flowers are doomed to die.
Back to the old home we have come
To meet old friends from far and near,
And with laughter we will greet
The harvest home of all the year.

We now forget the crown of age,
Although the years are flying fast;
The merry shouts of children drown
All gloom and sorrow of the past.
What joy in each familiar face,
What ring of voices, sweet and clear,
Now gathered 'neath the old roof tree
This harvest home of all the year.

We care not for the style of dress,
Or for the world's smile or frown;
Our wealth or place is nothing new;
We are the same from farm or town,
The old place shines supremely bright;
No spot on earth that's half so dear;
We come to taste thy joys once more.
O harvest home of all the year!

Though age has come and days or storm,
The song of mirth still cheers the night;
And while we think of work well done,
Strong doors will open to the light,
Come, joyful day, we love thee still;
Shine like a beacon full of cheer;
Build high our hopes for time to come,
Thou harvest home of all the year.

The Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier-Express. *W. F. Stuart.*
Nov. 28, 1929.

HOME

A house is not a home, however fine;
Home is a spot in which pure love divine
Exists for loved and me;
A place of rest for weary heart and brain,
Remote from marts, in which we may regain
Fresh zeal to do and be.

One spot in which to shake our shackles clear,
Quite safe, with none to criticize, or fear
Or hate—our home should be:
Our place of refuge from life's weary storms,
Where we can drop all ceremonial forms
From world and business free.

The Buffalo (N. Y.) Evening News. *Phoebe A. Naylor.*
Feb. 7, 1929.

THE HOLY CHILD

Once again the joy of Christmas
Fills our hearts, as on the morn

When the herald angel chorus
Sang the news that Christ was born.

Though we see no star to guide us,
Hear no angels sing again,

All may know His blessed coming
In the minds and hearts of men.

When Christ came, not many knew Him,
For a king they looked to see,

So they missed the greater glory
Of the Man of Galilee.

Those who wait His second coming,
Watching clouds in splendor roll,

May not see the Rose of Sharon
Bud and bloom within the soul.

Christ is also that potential,
Holy seed in all mankind,

Which needs room and loving culture,
In the garden of the mind.

Through the years of storms and sunshine
This must win its victory;

As the acorn is the oak tree,
So is the man a Christ to be.

For that stable and that manger
Symbolize the lowly birth

Of the soul-child, pure and holy,
Born in human forms of earth.

And this child is self and not-self,
It's the Self of mystery;

It's the seed in you, God-planted;
It's the Christ you are to be.

Know that you are highly honored,
For within you there is born

A most holy thing and precious,
Give Him room this Christmas morn.

Christ in you, the child of glory,
Comes to manhood in due time,

All the wealth of sacred story
Tries to tell this truth sublime.

The Buffalo (N. Y.) Courier-Express. H. H. M'Kinney.
Dec. 25, 1929.

THE CITY AND CIVILIZATION

The city keeps calling;
And why should it call?
Must village and hamlet
Surrender and fall
To serve the wild urgings
Of folly and gold?
Must peace and contentment
Be given or sold
Must lanes yield to streets
With their rush and their din,
Where leisure is shattered
And signals begin?

The city glare dazzles;
Afar its light streams,
A host of unwary
Are lured by the beams.
They welcome the glamour,
For they do not know
The shades of the city
The struggles, the woe,
The heart strings that sever
Where myriads grow cold
Through bitter-sweet pleasures
And thirstings for gold.

Their hearts no more tender
As in days gone by,
No longer they pause though
Men suffer or die.
They heed not their neighbor,
They seek but their own,
While fainter the cries
Of compassion have grown.
When greed and injustice
Each rule with such sway,
Degradation lurketh
But few strides away.

Is traffic our master,
Capacity, law?
Must blood, bone and sinew
Feel Mammon's fierce jaw?
Go talk with the herded
Where poverty reaps,
Where childhood is blighted,
Where modesty weeps.
Go live with the workless
And then you will feel,
The sting like the adder's,
The crush of the heel.

For seeds that are sown
Through the avarice of hell
Sting worse than a serpent
The dread records tell.
There are foul deeds by day,
Deeds darker by night,
With prisons unheeded,
Crime jests at their sight,
While the guileless are duped
And purity soiled
And jurors debauched
And justice is foiled.

Awake, Vigilantes!
Consider the need,
For the dangers are rife
Demanding bold speed.
Go challenge the city
To stand for the right;
Urge the fathers, the sons,
To gird for the fight.
No way is more potent,
No challenge more straight;
Then why should you question,
Or why hesitate?

Awaken for honor
Take right as the guide;
Let civilization
More truly abide.
Let justice and freedom
Again be restored,

And lawlessness throttled
To sink with its horde.
Unfurl the white banner
In cities reclaimed—
Their conscience awakened
Their power regained;
Men lifted once more from
The filth that pollutes
No longer to sink and
Be counted as brutes.
The fearless will answer
Humanity's cry.
With justice enthroned
Civilization can't die.

The Buffalo (N. Y.) Evening News. *Millard S. Burns*
Oct. 5, 1929.

THE THOUGHT CONSOLING

I have failed, no doubt,
And the world found out
The fact 'ere it came to me;
And empty of hand
As of heart I stand
On the shores of the Echoless sea!

I have failed, God wots,
And he knows the thoughts
That my tongue has never revealed;
And the clouds that cling,
And the thorns that sting,
And the hurt that has not healed.

I have failed, I know,
And the sorrow I show
Is as nothing to what I hide;—
But in shadow or shine
One thought is mine,—
"I have tried! O, Lord, I have tried!"

And when my clay
Shall dissolve one day,
In the rush of Time's gray tide,
For the pity I need
At His Gate I'll plead
"I have tried! O, Lord, I have tried!"

And when I have past
From the earth at last
And wake on the Other Side
There shall come no plea
But the one from me—
"I have tried! O, Lord, I have tried!"

The Burlington (Vt.) Free Press. Arthur Goodenough.

WINTER SONG FOR RIVER FISHERS

Bring in the boats; the wind has fangs;
The last few brant have fluttered south;
Along the bayou, silver ice
Stretches to the field-brook's mouth.

Lay by the oars; the sturgeon scows
Must now be calked and painted well;
Have driftwood from the bottom lands
Ready for a stormy spell.

And good tobacco have in store;
Train the tongue for stove-side lies
Of great fish tugging at a line—
River pearls of giant size.

The salted herring in your casks
Will cloy your taste before it's spring;
Have brandy in your earthen jugs;
A fiddle . . . ribald songs to sing.

And may the mussel shells grow strong,
Well hidden from the muskrat's claws;
We will tar our nets again
When the shackled river thaws.

The Cedar Rapids (Iowa) Gazette. Jay G. Sigmund.

AIRPORTS

They cleared a field this morning
And built great long hangars,
And set up searchlights of a million candlepower.
They marked out Manville
In white letters on the roofs,
And were proud of their airports.

But this morning I saw the day
In the brilliance of dawns
Fly over the hills and alight
In my garden.

I saw pink gladiolus, white petunias,
And bushes of althea of such
Beauty and whiteness
That I knew they must have come out of the sky.

And a cardinal came over to my trees
And trilled at the day's arrival,
At the world's arrival,
At God's arrival,
In his airport.

*The Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post. Raymond Kerensky.
"Choir Practice," Feb. 8, 1929.*

CANE FIELD SONG

This

is the song

of the cane—

Toned in fragrant darkness when the work is done,
From the homely doorsteps, down the gentle lane
Where the cane-blades whisper, dreaming of the sun.
This

is the song

that the cane

Told the tender crying of the steel-guitars,
Taught the ukuleles throbbing underneath the stars,
Whispered to the husky voices through the mountain rain—
Oh heart

dear heart

heart of my heart remember!

Gently

the song

of the cane

Drips like honey from the dream-fed mouth,
Warm and alluring with the sweet ripe South,
Sad and sweet together in a dark rich strain
Full

of the song

that the cane

Wove in the wreathing of the warm wet breeze,
Stole from the honey-sacks of home-bound bees,
Sung to the viol-throb of dear glad pain:
O heart

dear heart

heart of my heart remember!

The Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post. Clifford Gessle
"Choir Practice," July, 1929.

FEBRUARY TWILIGHT

A net stake
Encrusted with barnacles
Sways in the breeze
As a tern, weary of flight.
A sudden wind
And the severed stake
Drifts down the bay
With an ebbing tide. . . .
While one lone gull
Winging close to the gray water
Goes westward through the smoky air
Toward the setting sun,
And his waiting mate.

Elliott Driver Jordan

The Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post.
"Choir Practice," September, 1929.

REBIRTH

Yestereve I sang a dirge
To love and buried my affection;
Today I sing new hymns of praise,
For lo! behold, the resurrection!

The Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post. Robert Schreffle
Sept., 1929.

NIGHT THOUGHTS

Who dreads the master shadow of the night
Like invalids, or children? Dreams will creep
On play-worn children while they fret or weep
The shortest hour in misery or fright,
But invalids must turn and twist, and fight
The flush of miscreative ills, and keep
Their hearts afloat on timid waves of sleep
And nurse the ache that racks their bones in spite.

Bed-bound, or drawn, they cannot soar across
The horns of light, or trippingly delay
Along his crystal path, but hedged in turn
By fault of time or place, thrust back to toss
And wear, they pace the trudging stars and yearn
For herald from the lordly waking day.

The Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post. *John Kearns.*

ADRIFT

Lonely little boat drifting out to sea
Farther and farther away from all that used to be!
Is there no anchorage where you can ever stay?
Must you drift on and on? Away . . .
Away . . . Away . . .

Harriet Olds Henderson.

The Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post.
"Choir Practice", April, 1929.

THAT WHICH ABIDES

Last night
You came to me
And breathed my name, and held
Me close to prove that only love's
Eternal.

The Charleston (S. C.) Evening Post. *Mary Pollard Tynes.*
"Choir Practice."

POLICE REPORTER

He dare not give to poignant human themes
The words of laureled poets—dare not write
Of isles of chrysoprase and malachite
That haunt the by-ways of his venturous dreams.
He must not paint the meads and marvelous coasts
Where beauty wanders hand in hand with love,
Nor Psyche, and the miracle whereof
Her white-limbed vision grew. These things are ghosts.
With pencil sharpened like an eagle's beak,
He drags from city caverns of the news
Crossbones of ruthless fact. And though he find
In crannied walls symbolic blooms that speak
Of stars to his not unilluminated mind,
Still he must cater to a morbid muse.

The Chicago Daily News. *Leslie Dykstra (Adrienne).*
"Hit or Miss," April 8, 1929.

TOURING

The hum of motor beneath my feet,
Long ribbons of silvery road,
And a gay little face so near to mine.
(On a honeymoon a la mode.)

The trees swing back to watch us pass,
Seeming to curtsy low.
A whirl of dust and a sign "detour"—
(My dear, I told you so!)

A clutter of houses . . . a store or two,
The rush of a farmer's cat,
The shout of a village constable—
(My word, what town was that!)

The distant spire of a country church,
The passing flight of a finch,
A flutter of hens on the roadway's edge—
(I missed that one by an inch!)

A brook to cross by a willow row,
A field of golden grain,
The spatter of clouds in an azure sky—
(Dear me, do you think 'twill rain?)

Another road . . . another town . . .
One swiftly stolen kiss,
Then on . . . and on . . . and on . . . and on . . .
(Good gosh, what state is this!!!)

The Chicago (Ill.) Daily News.

Francesca Miller.

WINTER PETITION TO A MARSH HAWK

Call the lotus, gray hawk of the meadows,
Summon the piping frog and kindred things;
The marsh is floored with ice . . . beauty is shackled,
Stifle the blizzard's voice with your beating wings.

I saw you, hawk, poised on your strong pinions,
When rich lupins adorned the pasture knoll;
You know the gifts the soft summer can offer;
I call to you, for you have a sky-born soul.

I know, bird, they call you killer and robber;
I know, bird, your beak is bloody and strong;
True it is you hold the lusts of a rapture—
Your note is a scream and not a glad lark's song.

But you know herons; the marsh wren and the rushes—
You know the Turk's cap lily . . . the bittern's cry;
Call these back and slay the allies of winter;
Rout the storm-king . . . bring God back to His sky.

The Chicago (Ill.) Daily News.
Feb. 2, 1929.

Jay G. Sigmund.

I, TOO, HAVE DREAMED

I, too, have dreamed and dreaming lived again
Back in that misted land of love and home,
From whose lost bourne the ceaseless tide of men
Drifts ever out to meet the ocean's foam.

I, too, have dreamed, a dream's adventure calling,
Where hills shut in a valley's gentle sweep,
Whose emerald slopes held silver cascades falling,
And shaded hazel copses upward creep.

Summits from whence the green and golden sunsets
Might lure one to some pinnacle like a tower,
There sentinels like to see the silent onsets
Of hostile vanguards 'gainst the waning hour.

Pictures in after life hung in the frame of dreams,
Call up old memories as we slumbering lie,
And there's that valley where the purling streams
In happy childhood sang their lullaby.

The Chicago Daily Tribune.

Clarence P. Milligan.

AVE! CAESAR . . .

There are galleys in from Egypt
A-swinging with the tide;
And men walk down the marble ways
Where Roman horsemen ride.
There's a moon against the skyline,
A shower of stars in flight . . .
Oh, the dancing girls are waiting . . .
We're only here tonight.

We have gold enough to jingle
And gold enough to spend,
And the Jews will take our armor,
For they have gold to lend!
The Captain's in a Roman's house
A-talking trade and chance . . .
But I shall find a Persian girl
And watch her brown toes dance.

What if the Romans quarrel now
And Roman streets are red?
It's little we should care a damn
Because their Caesar's dead!
He stole our ships and burned our books
And gave us only lies . . .
I want a little dancing-girl
With black and shining eyes!

And if the Romans hunt for us
And beard us for a fight
I'll risk a clash with sword and knife
To pay them back tonight! . . .
And if I find a Persian girl
Will dance for me in Rome,
No blade is hammered keen enough
To stop her coming home . . .

For once I knew a Persian girl
And once she danced for me—
But Caesar took her home with him
Across this Roman sea.
He stole our ships—she took my heart
And left me hers, instead—
Tonight I hunt a dancing-girl,
And now her Caesar's dead!

The Chicago (Ill.) Daily Tribune.
"A Line O' Type Or Two."

Don Farran.

NANCY HANKS

Meekly as Mary came to Bethlehem,
But with her mother's mission half fulfilled,
She came into the wood. And over them—
Her plodding mate, herself, her son—was spilled,
Through verdant groins and arches far aloft,
Largess of sunshine, honey-sweet and soft.

Humble as Mary's manger was her bed;
Lowly her life and station; but her dreams—
Her mother dreams—soared to the stars o'erhead
And searched unseen horizons for their themes.
Thus, building stately castles for her child,
She lived in squalor and was reconciled.

And so she lived in patient solitude,
And so she passed away, without complaint,
Drudging and dreaming in the silent wood,
A pioneer, a mother and a saint,
Solaced and satisfied for that her son
Might some day scale the heights her vision won.

They buried her, there, in the forest gloom,
Mourned her a space, then stolidly moved on
And left the winds to strew her lonely tomb
With withered leaves and drifting snow, anon,
But, sleeping there, perhaps—perhaps she knew
When all her mother dreams at last came true.

The Chicago Daily Tribune.

E. O. Laughlin.

LARGESS

What is the price of beauty,
The worth of a ruined smile,
The breath of a ghost at twilight,
The drag of the last long mile?

Why does the lust for living
Seem such a little thing
Beside the gift for giving
Dreamers a song to sing?

Hearken, ye red-eyed watchers,
By the side of your pots of clay,
The fairest vase in the market
Ye thoughtlessly gave away!

The Chicago (Ill.) Daily Tribune. *E. Leslie Spaulding.*
"A Line O' Type Or Two," Oct. 3, 1929.

PUMPKIN PIE TIME

When the maples turn golden and the white oak's leaves
grow brown,
And the sumach forms a scarlet sash to bind the thicket's
gown,
When the sere grass gleams and sparkles with the frost and
the blackbirds fly
In an ever growing conclave, it's the time for pumpkin pie.

The hickory nuts are falling and the squirrels in the trees
Merit well the reputation of the canny honeybees,
And the crows with imprecations flaunt the farmer who
essays
To usurp their right and title to the rustling fields of maze.

There is an exhilaration in the nipping autumn air
With its wondrous store of magic which we are free to
share,

That accents the joy of living and is timed exactly right
For its appreciation—and a healthy appetite.

My nostrils sense a fragrance no perfumer can impart
To his repertoire of sweetness through his skill and subtle
art,

So I contemplate goodness of sunshine, earth and sky
In a composite masterpiece—delicious pumpkin pie.

The Chicago Daily Tribune.

Bert Smiley.

"A Line O' Type Or Two."

THEY WHO WAIT

Upon a plaque of ivory, ebony-hued,
Carved out in bas relief, unlovely, crude,
Two women, withered, old and desolate,
Before a fire of spectral yellow, wait—
Wait on and on, in dusk perpetual,
Morn, noon and night, upon my study wall.

Patiently, calmly, placidly, they sit:
One idly dreams and one essays to knit.
Beside them, on the amber hearthstone, blinks,
Black in the dusk, their household feline sphinx;
Emotionless, inscrutable, she peers
Across the listless glare of desert years.

Two women—widowed, old, disconsolate—
How slowly move the clock hands while they wait
So placidly, resignedly—for what?
Ah, patiently they wait who wait for naught!
Blest and secure they wait, for at fourscore,
The years but pass, and give and take no more.

The peace of widowhood around them spread,
Of empty gardens, fields all harvested,
Of silent rooms and firelight flickering
Through dull, reluctant twilight hours that bring
No hope of dawn, yet hold the night at bay
With half remembered hosts of yesterday.

One drinks no more when one has drained the cup;
One thinks no more when one has given up
Life's tiresome riddles. Petty, trivial,
The things they prate of, there, upon the wall;
And quietly when ashes quench the fire,
They'll put the cat out, wind the clock, retire.

The Chicago Daily Tribune.
"A Line O' Type Or Two."

E. O. Laughlin.

LINES TO A BLONDE GIRL

You are like sunlight over water glancing,
You are bright and warm;
Your eyes are like blue flowers dancing,
Your hair a golden charm.

You come, and I hear your tinkling laughter
Sound like the song of stars;
You go, and all the sunlight follows after,
And night puts up her bars.

The Chicago Evening Post.
"From Pillar To Post."

Natalie Flohr.

THE KICK IN A KITE

I'd like to make a kite again
And fly it in the sky
I'd like to be a boy again
Then as it flew on high
Send up to it a messenger—
A paper leaf and passenger—
Along its string whose pull and power
Enchanted held me every hour
That simple thing did fly.

I truly thought as there I saw
My fragile flying kite
It overcame the realm of law
And so brought strange delight
For there it swayed—above the earth—
Maneuvering—with soaring worth
Quite comparable to fleetest wing
Of lark or swift, till wondering
I wanted too, to fly.

What is the one desire today
Other than boyhood knew
When longings traced a farther way
Than ever airplane flew;
Nor shall the heart be satisfied
By what is past; for skies untried
Keep calling on and ever will
For dead is man who has no thrill
That he was born to fly.

The Chicago Evening Post.

Charles A. Heath.

THE OLD SETTLER'S SUNSET

I could call a shack a home
Truly home if but within
I could find my fair
Lovely lady once again
Waiting for me there;
Waiting as she used to do
Waiting with a heart so true
It enthralled my own anew
Where lady made the home.

Fancy builds a castle home
By the sunny shores of seas
Far from curious crowds
Or where mountains catch the breeze
Up among the clouds
Staging habitation there
With which shacks would not compare,
Yet what tongue could ever dare
Say castles made a home.

Chiseled lintels are not home
Tho by skilful craft designed
For man's comforting;
Never yet have they defined
What old hearthstones bring,
For a fireside has a glow
Brighter than its embers show
And was present—that I know
Where lady made the home.

But my numbered sunsets come
Rich with memories of yore
When was welcomed night
As within the bolted door
By a candle light,
 There a husband and the wife
 Found a full contented life,
 For such happiness was rife
Where lady made the home.

The Chicago Evening Post.

Charles A. Heath.

CLIFF ABOVE THE PACIFIC

It was upward from Ilwaco on a winding puncheon highway—
Loose old planks that chattered as the wheels rumbled
 past—
Through high salal in hedges, greenly walling us with
 beauty,
Till we came upon the clifftop, and the ocean view at last!
The ocean stretching westward with its miles and miles of
 water,
The ocean rolling inward from Hawaii and Japan,
From Siberia, the Philippines, from India and Java,
The old Pacific ocean—and beside me stood a man.

It was upward from Ilwaco on the Northhead by the light-
house,
On the summit of that bleak cliff rising—towering from
 the sea,
That we heard the ocean thrashing. Winter waters curled
 below us.

He related words of wisdom that have sung a song to me.
The fog banks blew across us, up the great Columbia river.
Twelve miles in we heard the dismal foghorn blow and
 blow.

But overhead was sunlight; and westward, the horizon;
And down beneath, the breakers came in row on thunder-
 ing row.

We sat upon the cliff edge with the clear wind in our
 faces,
Upon the summit talking, as old sailors must have done—
Looking westward—keen-eyed watchers—looking seaward
 into distance,
“God is love!” he said, “and Faith does more than all be-
 neath the sun!”

It was upward from Ilwaco on a winding puncheon high-
way
That the sky came down about me, I was raised so high
at words;
And I saw his sea-eyes praying, and I heard him speak of
Kindness—
And my heart rose upon pinions, like the mist-clouds, like
the birds.
Through high salal in hedges, greenly walling us with
beauty,
To winter on a clifftop, barren, black above the deep—
To light upon a summit; and the reverent words of beauty
And of Truth have stirred me deeply till I say them in my
sleep.

The Christian Science Monitor.

Helen Maring.

THE TRAVEL BUREAU

We sell you here a passport to the lands of high romance,
To a castle in the Spanish March, a tall chateau in France,
To the olive covered mountains, to the Southland's soft
allure,

Mimosas and narcissus on the languorous Cote d'Azur.

Take here your flying carpet for the spires of Cairo Town,
Where the nimble desert dancers whirl on jeweled feet and
brown,

Where in the Egyptian starlight, beside an antique fane,
The date and palm trees murmur their silken soft refrain.
We sell you here exotic sights, exotic tastes and smells,
A ricksha on the Shanghai Bund, and tinkling camel bells,
And castanets in old Seville, flirtatious fan and shawl,
A gondola in moonlight upon the Grand Canal.

Cakes for two at Rumpelmayer's, or Marseilles' bouille-
baisse,

The scent of Scottish heather, the perfume fields of Grasse,
Sandalwood and jasmine, rose gardens in Kashmir,
And cherry blooms in Nippon, all these we sell you here.

Here is the salt and rolling sea, the spindrift's stinging
whips,

The Indian Ocean's peacock blue, the wizardry of ships,
The screaming, veering ivory gulls, the hurtling albatross,
The glowing phosphorescent wake, the blazing Southern
Cross.

Take here your flying carpet to the lands of high romance,
And sail with Drake the Spanish Main, or ride with the
Maid of France,

For sea and land are calling, so with the break of day
Unroll the magic fabric and fly far, far away!

The Christian Science Monitor. Charles Grenville Wilson.
Aug. 21, 1929.

RAIN ON THE LAKE

The torch of day with sudden haste went out,
And in the valley's blue and green retreat
There woke the thunder's marching feet;
And they who sought the shy, evasive trout
Their oars took up with labored stroke and shout;
And painted crafts of pleasure trim and neat,
That knew the touch of light and dancing feet,
Turned homeward round about;
And lo! a sounding silence came—
A fledgling trilled a hushed refrain
Ere burst again the thunder's peal,
And lightning's swift and piercing flame
Ten million mallets loosed of rain
To make a lake of hammered steel.

The Christian Science Monitor. Maude de Verse Newton.

SPRING AT HOME

Spring has come outside my door,
The bluebird's song, the blackbird's call
Hail the miracle once more,
My garden casts off winter's pall.

Apple blossoms pink and white,
Delivered by an unseen hand,
Were in thousands born last night—
God waked the sleeping, pregnant land.

Rare exotic flowers grow,
For venturous ones who care to roam—
None are lovelier to me
Than blossoms on my trees at home.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Enquirer. Annette Patton Cornell.
March 21, 1929.

PIPES O' PAN

Weeping I lie,
Counting each crystal tear,
The while it seems
That through the mist which shrouds
My constant dreams
I faintly see
A phantom nymph creep close to me,
And linger near.

Suddenly I hear him pass,
Tiny hoofs beat on dead grass.
I hear the laughter
Of his pipe among bare trees,
Echo on a high flung breeze;
Then, clear and loud,
Roaring, soaring till it bursts
In yonder gray
And low-hung cloud.
Ah, ha!

Perhaps Pan laughs
Because I try to sing.
I must,
For someone stole
The sadness from my soul
And left within a song
Of Spring!

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Enquirer. Georgia D. Valentiner.

DREAMS

If I should die tomorrow, and stand before my God,
Would He judge me by the life I've tried to live,
Or would He judge me, rather, by the dreams which I have
dreamed,
By my musings, or by help I've tried to give?

I am just a wife and mother, and I do my endless tasks,
Soothing hearts and mending knees and kissing bumps.
Cooking, sewing, scolding, mending holes and baking cakes,
Bringing babies through the measles and the mumps.

Oh, my failures mount to thousands, as a mother, as a wife,
Yet I earnestly, I honestly do try.
But when the day is over, when daily tasks are done,
I fit to me my gauzy wings and fly.

And then I'm dressed in velvet, and I'm lovely, I am slim
And I sit with Omar, underneath his bough.
And you are there beside me, and the verses and the wine,
And I truly find it Paradise enow.

If I should die tomorrow and stand before my God,
Would He hold my dreams against my busy life?
Would He call my dreaming wicked, or would He only
smile,
And say my dreams made me a better wife.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Elizabeth Chambers.
April, 1929.

IN INVERSE RATIO

I thought . . . I'll wear a muslin frock
When you come back to town—
Sprigged muslin and a wide-brimmed hat,
With a ribbon on the crown.
But, after I had tried it on, I saw
'Twould never do;
Naivete would have no charm
For sophisticates like you.

And so I chose a clinging black
Bewildering affair,
And a smallish hat that gave me
Quite a knowing little air;
We started out so gayly to a country inn
For tea . . .
But there you saw a muslin frock,
And scarcely looked at me.

A slim young thing in muslin
And a wide-brimmed yellow hat—
To think for all my planning
That it should end in that,
Indeed, it seems a pity,
The older some men grow,
That they should be attracted
In inverse ratio.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

Ann Greene.

SHIPS

Shall we go a-voyaging,
You and I together?
Shall we go a-voyaging—
We both love the sea—
While the breezes favor us,
While it's summer weather?
Could a more delightful thing
Happen you and me?

If we go a-voyaging,
You and I together,
Shall we choose a galleon
Bearing sails of gold,
Or a little clipper ship
Sailing like a feather,
Or a daring brigantine
With treasure in the hold?

Should we go a-voyaging,
You and I together,
I would choose a gallant ship
Sailing to the moon!
But sometimes I wonder if
You were choosing, whether
You would choose a little boat
Returning shoreward soon.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. *B. Y. Williams.*

THANKSGIVING WORDS

A grateful heart is beautiful
And grateful words are fair,
A grace for gifts is rainbow-set
And soft on any air.

In every tongue the words of thanks
Sound out their loveliness
That but for words the Generous
Might never fully guess.

Words are poor things to tell a heart,
But what they symbolize
Is not so surely told, I think,
By hands or lips or eyes.

Today is set apart for words,
For blessings manifold,
Lift up, oh, voice, the choicest ones
That dreams or visions hold.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.
Nov. 27, 1929.

George Elliston.

THE CHURCH

'Twas not the art of the building,
'Twas not the organ grand,
'Twas not the anthem chanted,
Nor the sound of the last AMEN
That lingered like a blessing,
Echoing o'er and o'er,
But a something that gripped and held me,
Ere I passed through the outer door.

It must have been the silence,
That seemed to be throbbing there,
Like low sweeping wings of angels,
As they caught and held the prayer
Not of priest, but of hearts so burdened,
As each lifted his own, unaware
That the angels carried their longing
To Him—willing all burdens to bear.

Then I thought of the words of the Master,
"Let him that hath ears, hear,"
And I heard a grander music,
A symphony of faith, not fear.
'Twas the blending of souls' longing,
The echo of dreams come true,
And those who entered to worship
Went forth, to give service anew.

Mrs. Susie Aiken Winold.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star.

THE LITTLE HOUSE

The little house that's called a home is just a quaint affair;
It has a broad, white doorway, but a narrow winding stair,
And cuddled close to its side the flowers riot, gay—
And all about are little nooks, where children love to play.

And there are shining window-panes, with sunbeams peep-
ing in,
That always bring a chuckle like a tickle on the chin.
And all the little lovely things that show the tender touch,
That seem to mean so little when they really mean so
much.

Sometimes in twilight's afterglow the fire flames leap and
dance
And point their taunting fingers to a world of glad ro-
mance
That lures and calls the restless feet to rapture far away
From all the humdrum things of life and all that's work-
aday.

But chains of sweetest bondage fetter feet that ache to
roam;
Somehow they always linger in the little house called home.
Though some days are fraught with worry, though love
may live with care,
Please God, I'll never leave it, for my heart's so happy
there.

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. Laura R. Underhill.

THE WOODPECKER BIRD

There is joy when the robin comes back in spring,
The bluebird and jay with his guttural note;
Of the lark and the linnet, the poets oft sing
And praise the sweet music that comes from each throat.
But the friend of my childhood awakes my appeal,
The red-headed woodpecker, gallant and gay,
Who is always so jolly in woe or in weal,
In shadow or shine he is pecking away,
"P-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r cheer up."

How well I remember when first I walked out
To take a good look at the world I was in.
On the top of the barn I saw strutting about
My red-headed friend, he creating a din
As he rapped on the old oaken shingles with vim;
And sang to his mate, as all lovers should,
My baby affections responded to him,
The gayest young rooster that struts in the wood,
"P-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r cheer up."

I grew into youth and I met Mister Toil,
A grim-visaged fellow, as most of you know.
As I tackled the weeds with impatience I'd boil,
And wonder why fortune had treated me so.
But as I was about to give way to despair,
A sound so familiar above me I heard.
From the top of a snag leaning high in the air
Came the rat-a-tat-tat of the woodpecker bird.
"P-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r cheer up."

So all through my life when a trouble came nigh,
And I felt that longer I could not endure;
When clouds seemed to gather beneath the blue sky,
And the footholds of courage no longer secure,
I thought of my dark-coated, white-breasted friend,
And languishing hopes in a moment were stirred;
Then gladly I struggled along to the end,
Like the good-natured, rollicking woodpecker bird.
"P-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r-r cheer up."

The Cincinnati (Ohio) Times-Star. William R. Dineen.

A BLACKBIRD CALLING

I heard a blackbird in the dawn,
In April weather;
Three silver notes, then he was gone—
But all together
From throbbing throats the answer came
A radiant, silver burst of flame,
With blackbirds flying.

I heard a blackbird just at dusk,
In April calling.
The moon was high, a golden husk
With star-grain falling
Swift down the sky. And on the stream
I caught the last faint, ruddy gleam
Of sunset dying.

The Claremont Press.
Oakland, Calif., Nov. 15, 1929.

Harry Noyes Pratt.

WHAT MYSTERY ENCHANTS ME?

Why do I thrill to be held tight in your arms?
Have my head hugged to your heart?
Ah, what mystery enchants me
When you hold me close, ever closer?
Could it be Love
Closing upon us . . . warming our blood?
Let us yield . . .
Perhaps your lips, with bright flame-color
Will speak the mystic secret to my lips.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen.
April 23, 1929.

Helen Myra Ross.

THE LITTLE OLD CHURCH

The little old church is forsaken and cold,
Its pews so deserted and bare,
Hushed are the notes that the organ once rolled
And the voices that lifted in prayer,
Abandoned for temples more costly and tall,
For walls of more beauty and grace,
It seems to be silently brooding o'er all
The memories haunting the place.

So dear was it all to my heart as a child,
And dear when to womanhood grown,
The fellowship sweet and the faces that smiled,
The hymns that arose to God's throne,
And I learn with regret as each day passes by,
Tho many long years should I search,
I could ne'er find such treasures as moldering lie
In the dust of the little old church.

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen.

Mildred Ballard Bird.

PHANTASM

A dream! A chariot of gold
With steeds of purest white;
Bridled in glittering diamonds,
Floating thru the dusky night.
Thru myriad thousands
Of beckoning, twinkling stars
These prancing steeds speed on—
To greet the rose glow,
The golden mystic beauty,
And the glory of the coming dawn!
A dream! Imagination's story told!
But lovely, ah, majestic to behold!

The Columbus (Ohio) Citizen.
April 8, 1929.

Isola M. Ohaver.

DANDELIONS

You and I in the morning hours,
Ride down a path of gilded flowers;
Dandelions in glad array,
Deck each side of a long white way;
The golden blooms that nod and smile,
Awake my thoughts to dreams the while.
They might be gems for kings to wear;
Or garlands for milady's hair!
Gold puffs to brush a pixie's nose,
Or cushions for a dancer's toes
To rest upon; or fairie's beds!
I muse, the while they nod their heads,
As you and I in morning hours
Ride down a path through gilded flowers.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

Mildred Schanck.

APRIL

April, you are too mysterious for me—
I watch you slowly come across the hill,
Stooping to light the waiting daffodil;
And as you touch the limbs of each dead tree
It flames to life. Intent and patiently
I peer into the throat of crocus, squill,
The jonquil, tulip, buttercup . . . until
My heart is captured by your secrecy.

April, what is this vague, but certain thing
That blows bright flames across the open wold
And lifts the dull brown breast of ancient sod
To ghosts of charm, fragrant with blossoming?
Your age-old secret has not yet been told
But in each flower I see the face of God.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Tessa Sweazy Webb.*
April 21, 1929.

DREAM-CONTENT

Is this, then, meagerness?
Rose-tinted dreams, alight
With smiling fancies, fleet
Across the mind, to bless
My heart with joy. The night
Is silver gloom, where meet
The angels of content,
Returned, their mission spent.

Or is this loneliness?
Sweet scented memories
And evey-cycled moods
Of love-thoughts, stirred, I guess,
By every gentle breeze
Across my solitudes,
Bring comfort, tender, true—
Each breath a dream of you!

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. *Helen Smales.*
Jan., 1929.

MY RADIO, MY FIRE AND I

My radio, my fire and I, three friends,
Who while away the evening hours together;
And when the dancing flames their warmth bestow,
What care I for cold, or stormy weather?

Quite suddenly, as by a magic voice,
The room seems filled with a haunting strain
Of forgotten melody. In hazy glow
I see a sweetheart of my youth, again.

Beneath the silence of the stars above
She promised to be true, to me alone.
Yearning still, I dream of days that might have been—
Her broken promise left my heart—a stone.

So, through the night, 'til dawn appears
Enthralled, I hear immortal voices sing;
Soft music calms and soothes my restless soul,
While knowledge comes to me on mystic wing.

The future looms in sweet tranquility,
As I review the loneliness of years,
The hours now pass unheeded, stealing
The memory of vain regrets and fears.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Eleanor Bitler Hunter.
June 23, 1929.

RETICENCE

I dare not tell you so—
"Though my sad heart may break
With longing—Dear, I know
'Tis for your own sweet sake
I must be silent, mute
And speak no word of love;
But yet, I shall transmute
The gleam of stars, above,
The song of birds, the scent
Of roses, whisp'ring dawn
To Passion's loved accent,
That you may hear me—gone.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Earl D. Van Deman.
July 7, 1929.

MOVING DAY AND MORNING-GLORIES

You were the dear dream garden of my heart;
I sowed your seeds with utmost, partial care;
Watched your frail tendrils creep up, well aware
Of all the mystic wonder you impart;
Your angel-like perfections, how you start
And weave a magic flame, all-beauteous where
You throw your myriad blossoms on the air.
You were my refuge from the noisy mart.

I mused upon the joy of each flower-face;
Your virgin moments, exquisite and brief.
Here, reverently I sought your waking hour,
Your glowing smiles of welcome to efface
The temporal pangs of solitude and grief;
Such was your tender and transcendent power.

Kathryn McCormack Smith.
The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.

WISDOM

She was such a lovely lady—
Charming, winsome as could be,
And a dimpled, little baby
Romped and prattled at her knee.

In a laughing mood she snatched him.
Clasped him fondly to her breast,
And she whispered: "Now you little rascal,
Love your Mums—or like Dad best?"

Little fingers wandered slowly
To the marcel on her head,
Then: "Love oo Mums, but not oo bre'f"
The little one frankly said.

Dazed, astonished, she released him—
Those words she could not forget,
And her teardrops fell like raindrops
On—the smoldering cigaret.

The Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch. Theresa M. De Fosset.

GIRLHOOD

The flush of a dawn betokening day;
The gold of a lily half-hidden away;
A violet unfurling its petals of blue;
The breath of arbutus; the eglantine's dew;
All the beauty and wealth the sun's kiss shall disclose,
Folded, blush within blush, in a half-open rose.

The Conway (Ark.) News. Cora Barber Crary.
June 7, 1929.

OUR COUNTRY'S DEAD

Here lie our country's dead; the sunlight shines
Upon the mounds bedecked with flags and flowers;
Through crowded streets there come the marching lines
Of soldier's feet—the men who still are ours.

These marching ranks grow thinner year by year—
How few remain of valiant blue and gray.
Cuba's defenders in the lines appear,
And boys in khaki swell the ranks today.

It matters not in what great war they fought,
Or in which conflict they received their scars;
They served, their service could not be for naught.
God speed the time when there be no more wars.

Here lie our dead, who served and questioned not;
Their spirit lives with us as years ensue—
We pay our tribute on this sacred spot
To these our dead, ours and their country's, too.

The Cumberland (Md.) Daily News. Sara Roberta Getty.

A CHOPIN NOCTURNE

(Opus 9, No. 2)

I live again the rapture of our love,
Told softly in a lover's music here,
I see the rainbow garden, where a dove
Would spread its silver wings when we drew near.
I touch the dim old dial, worn with rain,
That numbered hours beautiful and brief.
I know the thrusting of a cherished pain,
And hear the whisper of a falling leaf.
I breathe once more the lavender and rose
That gemmed my gown with tears of early dew.
I feel again your arms about me close,
And lift my head to lose myself in you.

No more! No more! The music dies away,
And you are dead and I am old and gray.

*The Dallas (Texas) Morning News. Berta Hart Nance.
Oct. 20, 1929.*

TUMBLEWEED

The autumn came and goes apace;
There is a quiet mustering,
A steady growing blustering
Of wind upon the open plain;
The moon lights up the merry race
Through rifts of flying silver cloud,
Through rents of flying fleecy shroud,
Ahead of late autumnal rain.

The forms of summer's vibrant green,
Now phantoms of the dead and gone,
Begin to stir—and stir anon;
The great jackrabbit leaps in fright;
The north wild wind with force unseen,
Intrepid of his innate power,
Comes marshalling in one brief hour
The ghosts of long, uncanny night.

With silent rustling, rolling tread,
As intuition from the sky,
They pile up hummocks hillock high
In lodgements on the prairie mead;
The traveler is hushed with dread;
The owl is trembling in her moat,
Uneasy prowls the lone coyote—
Tonight the festive tumbleweed!

The Dighton (Kan.) Herald.

Lynas Clyde Seal.

NEW YEAR'S PRAYER

My Father, I thank Thee for this day,
With its glorious opportunity to build anew.
Let me fill my niche
To the best of my power.
Since the richest years
Are those that include the most,
Give me the courage
To face life as it is.
O, Lord, on this Thy new day
Give me the vision and the time
To enjoy simple things;
Let me not take life so seriously
That I shall forget to laugh;
Let me find joy in my work;
Give me the kindness of heart

That forgives all.
Give me the wisdom to make
Life a fine art,
Carving each hour lovely memories.
Let me not forget
That the Soul needs beauty;
So let me drink deep
Of the loveliness of nature;
Finding Thy messages in the hearts of flowers
And in the whispering trees.
At the close of day
Give me an inner peace,
That nothing can destroy;
And in the moments of triumph
Let me be modest still!

The Dothan (Ala.) Eagle.

Scottie McKenzie Fraser.

THE ALASKA PIONEER

An Appreciation

Sometime, when the North has its Epics,
And hidden pages unfold
The records of Argonauts seeking,
Ever, their Fleeces of Gold,
There'll be tales of adventure and daring,
Tales full of struggle and strife
That break through the crust of the surface
And deal with the bed-rock of Life.

And these stories will rank with the greatest,
For, waiting that magical pen
Is an Empire of untold riches,
Developed by unknown men.
Men who are un-sung heroes,
Who have blazed there an endless trail
That death no longer may lie in wait
For those who falter and fail.

There are men who have shot the rapids,
Who have scaled the mountain peak;
Cut inch by inch through an icy pass,
Then gave of their strength to the weak;
Who have staggered with heat in summer,
Who have frozen in winter snow;
Who have faced the menace of breast-high drift,
Or treacherous over-flow.

Who have driven their foot-sore huskies,
Patient yet wild-wolf wise,
Straight to the end of the trackless waste
Where a haven of safety lies.
Such are the true Alaskans—
The men who have fared them forth
To make a State of a Wilderness,
To conquer the untrod North.

And I think, as the Trail is ending,
For each weary Pioneer,
His hardships will count as virtues
When he crosses the Last Frontier.

The Fairbanks (Alaska) Times. Esther Birdsall Darling.

WITH GOLDEN THREAD

The hours of deep dawning love are pearls
That gleam with opalescence where the light
Has caught the inner lustre, seen aright
In limpid beauty that enfolds, unfurls.
Its creamy outer whiteness hides the swirls
Of inner fire that, safely kept from sight
Has all the potency of bloom or blight
As life's long parchment haltingly uncurls.

The hours of true mating are the deep
Pulsating heart of rubies, catching gleams
Of lurid lightning from our early dreams:
The flowered fragrance of a pillowed sleep
The hushed awakenings of a roseflecked dawn
Are golden thread for love to string them on.

*The Gary (Ind.) Post-Tribune. Margarette Ball Dickson.
"Tom Cannon's Flue Dust," Dec. 12, 1929.*

IT WAS YOU

Something took me by the hand
And led me where the roses grew,
Showed me beauties all undreamed—
Was it you?

Something woke me in the night
With music soft as falling dew;
Something filled my soul with song—
Was it you?

Something has unlocked my heart,
Whispering life to me anew;
Something touched the soul of me—
It was you.

Ruth Markley Buchanan.
The Georgetown (Ohio) News-Democrat.

THE WAY OF LIFE

Patient with others but strict with myself;
Loving to give and refusing all pelf;
Doing the right though it brings me no fame;
Honoring CHRIST because signed with His Name;
Helping the downcast and cheering the sad;
Living our creed 'till it makes the world glad;
Fond of our work, of our friends, of our land;
Walking by faith, daily led by God's hand;
This is the pathway the saints all have trod,
This is the life hid with CHRIST'S life in God.

Bishop James Henry Darlington.
The Harrisburg (Pa.) Telegraph.

A WIFE'S THANKS

I thank God for my husband's ways,
And all his work and care;
And for the house and land we own
And now together share;
And that this home is ours by right,
I thank the good Lord every night.

And for our little dooryard plot
We toiled to make a close,
And fenced and set with hardy plants
And many a lovely rose. ;
All this I deeply thank God for,
And each day love them more and more.

I thank God for the food we eat
And table and the room
Where-in we sit at bread and meat
In sunshine or in gloom;
And for the restfulness of bed
In upper chamber overhead.

I thank God for the living hall
And glowing hearth fire bright;
For arm chair, lamp, and books we read
When comes the dusky night;
And the sweet peace we ill could spare.
I thank the dear Lord in my prayer.

*The Hartford (Conn.) Times. Florence Van Fleet Lyman.
Jan. 10, 1929.*

LIFE'S OBLIGATION

E'er tell before you die
Your story of the game,
Ne'er say to all good-bye
'Till wisdom signs her name.

What e'er you take from life,
Does not belong to you
But to the world that loaned it
While you were passing through.

John Harsen Rhoades.

*The Hastings (Neb.) Daily Tribune.
June 8, 1929.*

BARN SWALLOW

I watch you, graceful swallow,
As you swiftly pass me by
And marvel at your lightness
And deftness as you fly.
No song of rapture have you,
But a chirp of rare delight
To greet the springtime blossoms,
You welcome, airy sprite!

Your downward flights so rapid
That I fear you'll strike the ground;
But veering, twisting, rising,
Obstructions deftly shunning
Safe you sail the heavenly blue!
It seems your wings have borrowed
The ether's tender hue!

When skimming o'er the meadow,
Or when sailing through the sky,
I realize while watching,
With you I cannot vie;
That in the habitation
Which is given you and me,
The powers of locomotion,
For each, do not agree!

You swerve and veer so lightly—
Can my wonder never cease—
While chained am I, and earth bound,
Yet some day comes release!
For swallow, little swallow,
When this life for us is done,
Your limit is accomplished,
While mine is just begun!

The Hollywood (Calif.) Citizen. *Frederick M. Steele.*
June 6, 1929.

THE LITTLE WAVES AT PLAY

In all times and weathers—
Sun-lit, moon-bathed, 'neath the stars—
Gay, laughing ripples
Current tossed, wind blown, reflecting
The images of lazy, drifting clouds,
All lavender and pearly pink,
Thrust heavenward their saucy,
Pulsing hands and shout in glee—
Glad laughter of an elfin throng
Of Neptune's fairies.
They fling against the sands
Handfuls of radiant spray-gems,
Rainbow tinted, then recede.
Above, soft airs waft piled up masses

Of frothy clouds across blue skies—
Beyond, a misty, purpled
Dream-isle masks the sunset—
The palm fronds hear
The lilting, laughing chorus
Of tiny, dancing waves at play
And bend and nod in graceful courtesy,
While all the tropic greenery
Repeats the rhythm of the soft refrain—
The surf, too, lifts
Long, streaming lines that leap
From out the cool, black deeps and
Hastening landward, join the welter
Where little, light-crowned ripples,
Dancing, sing and shout
The melodies of sandy beaches.

The Honolulu (Hawaii) Advertiser. *Jared G. Smith*
Nov. 17, 1929.

SONG OF THE SOUTH SEAS

I would buy a gown for my sweetheart
Of silvery, shimmering spray,
Bespangled with stars of phosphor
That never are seen by day.

Pink shoes I would rob from the coral
That grows on the outer reef;
For a cape to throw round her shoulders,
Blue skies would make me a thief.

Fine ribbons of dainty moonlight
I'd weave through her lustrous hair,
And hang a necklace of seashells
About her throat so fair.

For they would tell her my longing,
As old as the ancient sea,
While the fragrance of strange, sweet flowers
Floats over my love and me.

And then we would love together
By the light of the Southern Cross,
On a beach that is far, far whiter
Than those where the north seas toss.

The Honolulu (Hawaii) Star-Bulletin. *R. Carroll Pew.*

HAWAII . . . ALOHA . . . AND LOVE

Sing me a song about sunshine,
Tell me a story of spring.
Sing me a melody of flowers—
The mem'ries and joys that they bring.

Tell me the secrets the waves tell,
Sing me the song of the moon;
Tell me the tales of the rainbow,
Where Heaven and Earth are in tune.

Whisper as breezes through palm trees
Of stars in the vault up above.
Sing me the Song of the Islands,
Of Hawaii . . . Aloha . . . and love.

The Honolulu (H. T.) Star-Bulletin. A. M. Sedgwick.
"Down To Cases," Oct. 15, 1929.

NO MORE

No more shall I wander there—
By the soft whispering sea;
And no more shall I dare stare
At the stars above, but flee.

My heart feels pains of aching
When I'm enmeshed in the dark,
For an old love, the 'wak'ning,
Is too bitter and too stark.

Sorrow comes to me at night,
When I hear the coral sea
And wavelets swishing so light,
So fantastic and so free.

No more shall I wander there—
The scene of my youth's old tryst,
But lie in my morris chair
And dream in the purple mist.

The Honolulu (Hawaii) Star Bulletin. Isami Morita.
"Down To Cases," May 9, 1929.

SAI MIN ELEGY

The siren shrieks the hour of parting day;
As from the streets come melancholy cries
Of traffic-muddled cops, I make my way
Toward the tranquil gloom of Lau Yee Chai's.

Within that festal place was oft inspired
Some lowly poet (like myself) to write
Upon the board, sans cloth, while snugly mured
Knee-deep in atmosphere, a sonnet bright

Of colored lanterns swinging on a pole
Of dragons creeping down a bamboosed way;
Of lotus flowers agleam in some rare bowl,
Of junk, of walls; of gardens in Cathay.

Of swordsmen, lacquer-helmeted, encased
In quilted armor in the ancient way;
Two-handed weapon blades in silver chased;
And moon harp music strung across the day.

The breath of jasmine o'er a castle moat
Mingling with incense of the orange bloom;
From far away resounds the mournful note
Of gongs within some crumbling temple's gloom.

But only for a space may we rejoice.
The vision fades. Outside we catch the din
Of clattering dishes; then a raucous voice
Beside us piping: "What you want, sai min?"

So let us lift the cup of fragrant tea,
And let our speech be kind and gay and wise;
And let this be our toast, my friends: "Kung hee!"
When paths of hunger lead to Lau Yee Chai's.

The Honolulu (Hawaii) Star-Bulletin. Howard D. Case.
"Down To Cases," May 28, 1929.

THE EMPTY STOCKINGS

I dess dere must be some mistake
'Cause Santa's passed us by;
I dess he must fordotten us . . .
But, hush! We mustn't cwy.

Muvver said dat he might not
Wemember where we wive,
'Cause he's dot such a wotta names
Of wicher kids to give.

So chee' wup, Buddy, wet's det dwessed
An' after while we'll go
To some the uvver childwen's house
Who Santa's sure to know.

Maybe dere we'll find somefing
Dat Santa's weft behind
For wittle kids wike us whose house
He never couldn't find.

The Honolulu (Hawaii) Star-Bulletin. A. M. Sedgwick.
"Down To Cases," Dec. 24, 1929.

THE MYSTIC ROSE

The years blow in with the winds
Certainly, one by one
And go with their phantom griefs
When their winds are done,

Or bloom as a sudden rose
Quickening on the sight
With loveliness seen through tears
To pass in the winter night.

Their petals are as days
Of short lived joy and pain
With even their fragrance lost
In the beating autumn rain.

The Honolulu (Hawaii) Star-Bulletin. F. A. Dewson.
August 17, 1929.

THE FINAL REFUGE

Shall this warm flesh that we guard so,
All satin-soft and fair as snow,
Go back to clay or restless dust?

These eyes that ever hungered for
Beauty of sand and sea and star,
Be one with worm and loam and rust?

And shall the soul infused in flesh,
Stay prisoned in the clayey mesh,
Or coldly to the sod be thrust?

Beauty to beauty, clay to clay,
Each seeks its own, somewhere, some day . . .
The soul is God's and He is Just!

The Jacksonville (Ill.) Daily Journal. Elkanah East Taylor.

BUTTERFLIES

Words are golden butterflies,
Scurrying in the rain,
Words are golden butterflies
Drifting down the lane.

Merrily, merrily,
Soft they skim along,
Words are golden butterflies
High in quest of song.

The Jewish Tribune (New York). Miriam Joyce Selker.

SORTING YEARS

When the groves are stripped of their jewels,
And the world is old and in tears,
I shall count by the glare of my fire,
The Springs and the Falls of my years.

I shall count them and bind them in bundles,
Like a miser, his buried gold;
A bundle of Spring and of sunshine,
A bundle of Autumn and cold.

And the bulky bundle of Autumns
To oblivion's vault I shall cart,
And the rare few rays of sunshine
I shall lock in a dream in my heart.

The Jewish Tribune (New York). Philip M. Raskin.

EDEN

Oh, come and away in the mountains—
They have room for the free, I believe;
Let their crests be our garden of Eden,
And we—it's Adam and Eve.

And if ever a serpent entice you,
As of yore old Adam's wife,
Just tell him we ate and we sickened
Of the apples of Knowledge and Life.

The Jewish Tribune (New York). *Philip M. Raskin.*

THE CHURCH OF THE HEART

Deep in the dales of the human heart,
Deep in the dells of the soul,
Where the springs of the innermost passions start
Where the brooks of hope and happiness part,
And the flowers of life unfold,
Is a temple whose vespers rise and swell,
Yet it hath no priest and it hath no bell.

'Tis loftier far than the dome of the sky,
'Tis deeper down than the sea;
It catches the gleam of the stars as they fly
And the music they make as they wander by
With their heavenly minstrelsy.
Music—but whence no mortal can tell—
For it hath no priest and it hath no bell.

No glitter of tinsel, no blight of gold,
No fashion of rank and lies,
No creeds in their coffined urns of old
Where the dust lies deep on their hearts of mold;
No altar where prides arise—
And yet no cathedrals in beauty excel,
Though it hath no priest and it hath no bell.

And here hath the crushed and the desolate prayed
From the depths of their soul's despair;
And hither hath sad-eyed sorrow strayed,
And outcast Hope hath sobbed and laid
Her head on the altar there.
And never anathema rings their knell,
For it hath no priest and it hath no bell.

Oh, glorious church of the heart divine
(Oh science priest to us all)
High o'er the world may your sweet dome shine,
With your silent priest in this heart of mine,
And the image of love on your wall.
Oh, church of the heart, 'tis there God dwells,
Though it hath no priests and it hath no bells.
The Jewish Tribune (New York). John Trotwood Moore.

THE JEWISH WARRIOR

Come, you gold-braided generals and admirals,
Who told you blood is the sign of struggle?
Who told you struggle must mean destruction?
Who told you strugglers wear uniforms?
Who told you battles are fought by you?

Come, you bold commanders, skilled in war,
And I will show you a well-planned struggle,
The most astounding earth has seen,
Making your shining brigades look foolish,
And your smart cavalcades a derision!

Come, put your heads together,
Look in thru the broken window-pane,
Crowd around the low-thatched house;
What do you see?

Only a hoary old man,
Reading with his sorrow-shaded eyes
In a mouldy, time-worn book,
Before two candles.

The Jewish Tribune (New York).

H. Segal.

TOLERANCE

What is this monster in guise of religion
Sapping and rapping your mind and your vision?
Robbing you, comrade, of beauty and soul,
Leaving you nothing lovely or whole.
Fearing your neighbor, corroding your heart,
Men, you're defiled by a poisonous dart.
Your God and my God in one are united;
Your globe and my globe by one ray are lighted.
Throw down your shackles, breathe heaven's pure air;

Stand on your feet, be broadminded and fair.
Houses of worship and churches of state,
You shield and you shelter children of fate.
Bury your hatred and malice, my friend;
Tolerance, freedom of mankind defend.

The Jewish Tribune (New York).

Jessica Lewis.

THINE ENEMY

“When you are wronged, forgive—forget—
Before the evening sun is set.”

The lesson hard we seek to learn
Although our hearts within us burn.

But though we fold our hands and sigh,
And meekly smile as we pass by,

We hope the boob, you better bet,
Will get what's coming to him yet!

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.

Flora Brownlee Walker.

THE MAID IN THE GARDEN

I strolled into the garden
Early in the morn,
And chanced to meet a maiden
Hoeing in the corn.

She wore a gingham gown,
And in her hair a rose.
A queen without a crown,
A stream that ever flows.

Sweet innocence and beauty rare
To still my beating heart.
She the fairest of the fair,
And I of her a part.

I looked into her face,
Illumined from above,
And what I saw was grace,
And what I felt was love.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.

Henry Polk Lowenstein.

TO VESTA
(Goddess of Virginitv)

Year after year he nursed a rocky soil
And hungered in his cabin on the hill.
Lean years that dragged in unrelenting toil
And brought no profit but his iron will.
Yet, when he had a chance to sell the farm,
He turned it down, although the bid was high,
For here he had the feel, the swing of arm
That guides the sapling reaching for the sky.
What grew was his beyond the slightest doubt.
What fell—he claimed long after life went out.

When he was old, they drilled a hole for oil
Right at his door, and wealth poured in his lap.
They moved him then and stopped his round of toil.
Yet nothing they could do would bridge the gap
That held him from the grip of other days.
Brought to the city's rush and roar, he seemed
Unable to enjoy his altered ways,
Contented only when he sat and dreamed.
Always he looked for wire-grass to his knees,
A stony hillside, and a few old trees.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.
Nov. 10, 1929.

Lowe W. Wren.

THIS HILL

June

I gotta get a quiz block, for I need one more,
I don't see what they hafta have these Finals for.
Yuh study all night and yuh study all day.
And when yuh see the questions, yuh got nothin' to say
Think I'll take an incomplete and not go at all—
But then I'd hafta take it when I come back in the fall.
Oh, well, I guess I might just give it one more try.
If I answer all the questions, I can sure get by.
An', boy, you tell 'em, when I come again next year,
I'm gonna start out follerin' a reg'lar career.
I'll show 'em on this hill 'at I am one smart guy—
Hey, you thief and robber, that's my best necktie!

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.
June 2, 1929.

H. R. H.

WE WISH OUR LIVES AWAY

From youth until we're old and gray
We vainly wish our lives away.
In Spring we long for summer time;
In Summer's heat for Autumn's clime;
In Autumn mild for Winter's cold,
With drifting snows and winds so bold;
In Winter's blasts for Spring again,
With all its mud and slush and rain;
And thus we pass from year to year,
Until we lie upon our bier.

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. *Henry Polk Lowenstein.*

SO LONG, SCHOOL

Good-by, good-by, to the stupid pi
And tedious conjugations!
Adieu, adieu, we have waded through
Our last examinations!
Farewell, farewell to the chalky smell
Of cube root and quadratics,
We'll trade our books for running brooks
And revel in aquatics!
Yes, au revoir, to the desk, bon soir—
Deep-scarred by our abuses,
Upon your face we've learned to trace
And square hypotenuses!
The slate is clean, and though I ween
We never shall remember
The half we learn, still, we'll return;
Good-by then, till September!

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star. *Sophie E. Redford.*
June 2, 1929.

WIND AND SAIL

He learned too late to trim his sheets,
Or figure that a wind would fail.
He had the poise to captain fleets,
Nor feared the thunder of the gale.
Yet when his ship drove on the shore,
He lived accursed, and sailed no more.

Call it his luck—the hand of Fate—
Yet none the less he had his chance.
Blown off his course, he gained too late
A mastery of the circumstance.
Too late, yet fair. For who would fail
If Fate gave man both wind and sail!

The Kansas City (Mo.) Star.
Nov. 2, 1929.

Lowe W. Wren.

“THE OLD MAN OF THE MOUNTAIN”

In the beauty of the morning
Crowds have sought the distant mountain
Eager for a glimpse but fleeting
Of the “Grand Old Man in Gray;”
He, whose life for countless ages
Has been, to man an unread book—
Only God may turn the pages,
As they search, in silent wonder
For a glimpse of features stern.
Disappointment falls upon them,
For a heavy fog has veiled him,
Hidden him from mortal sight.
Now with longing hearts they turn
Turn they homeward, in deep sorrow,

Suddenly the mists are parting,
Silently they rise and fall
Until standing, wrapped in glory
Looms the Monarch, grand and hoary—
Monument from God’s own hand!

The Lewiston (Maine) Daily Sun. *Marianna Fox Smith.*
Oct. 19, 1929.

ROMANY

Something sings inside my brain,
And always has and always will,
At the shrill blowing of a train
Beyond a hamlet or a hill;

And when, upon the horizon,
I watch a steamer or a boat
Slip off upon a waiting sea,
Something tightens in my throat.

The Los Angeles (Calif.) Times.

Irene Wilde.

THE BLUE BELLS OF MT. SHASTA

Have you seen the wondrous beauty of the green slopes
far away,

To the northward where the mountains proudly raise
Snow-crowned heads toward the heavens cerulean in their
hue,

And the forests chant slow hymnals in their praise?
Have you seen them when the daisies carpet meadows far
and near

And the very grass is fragrant with perfume?
Yet, no season is there equal to the magic of the time
When the bluebells of Mt. Shasta are in bloom.

Blue of sky and blossoms blending make a picture of de-
light

Touched with silver shades and shadows of the hills,
Where the winds are softly whispering little words of
plaintive sound

To the snows that swiftly vanish in the rills.
There is silence, save when nature softly breathes above a
bough,

Until all its petals tremble like a plume,
Yet, no song can ever measure all the rapturous deeps of
June

When the bluebells of Mt. Shasta are in bloom.

The Los Angeles (Calif.) Times. *Mabel W. Phillips.*
June, 1929.

AUTUMN WEARS A BRIGHT SHAWL

Autumn wears a bright shawl,
Leaf-patterned, fringed with gold,
Flung around her shoulders
To guard against the cold.

Autumn wears a bright shawl
Of springtime mem'ries spun.
I'll weave me one to wear when age
Is cold and youth is done.

The Lynn Haven (Fla.) Free Press. *Ruth Winslow Gordon.*
Oct. 26, 1929.

A COUNTRY TRAGEDY

She was married at seventeen.
At thirty she looked old.
She had borne six children
And in addition to her housework
She had taken in washings
To help out the uncertain family income.
Her husband worked when there was work.
There was always work for her.
She forgot her gay dancing youth—
She even forgot that it mattered how she looked.
Then all at once she grew younger.
An itinerant dentist visited the village
Offering a complete new dental equipment
For a price she happened just then to have.
She'd had them only a week
When she decided to go to the dance
At the Grange Hall, Saturday night.
"He" could stay home with the young ones.
For the first time in years
She spent some time on her dress.
She tried her hair in various ways
Before the cracked mirror over the sink.
She practiced smiling
So the new white teeth would show.
That night she walked the three cold miles.
She stood near the orchestra
Enraptured by the lively tunes.
She tapped her unasked foot to the music.
At the end of a riotous Tempest
The drummer put in some extra flourishes.
She put back her head and laughed
In an abandon of delight.
Just as the drummer set his drum down
Out flew her precious teeth right under it.
For a moment she stood stunned.
Then she carefully picked up the broken pieces.

* * *

An old woman walked slowly out of the door
Back into the darkness.

The Manchester (N. H.) Journal.

Walter A. Hard.

BY THE MISTY SEA

We gazed far out o'er the misty sea,
And saw the ships go by;
We saw the mist roll down the main,
And a dark cloud in the sky.
The ocean rolled with a deeper note,
And rolled on the shifting sand;
A darkness fell on the misty deep,
And a dusk fell on the land.

We spoke no word, our lips were mute,
But a voice came out of the deep;
And our eyes grew wet by the misty sea—
Alas! that we should weep!
And now I walk by the rolling tide,
But walk by the tide alone;
The wind blows cold from the Northern Cape,
And the voice of the sea is a moan.

he Mill Valley (Calif.) Record.
ct. 25, 1929.

H. P. Crafts.

HOPE

A Rondel for Morning

I took the lovely lights of dawn,
And morning matins of a bird
And clothed them in one lovely word,
For someone who might look thereon
And feel the joy that in me stirred,
I took the lovely lights of dawn
And morning matins of a bird.
They sang "Hope, hope; this day ere gone
Must see fulfilled some dream deferred."
To sing the promised joy I heard,
I took the lovely lights of dawn
And morning matins of a bird
And clothed them in one lovely word.

he Mill Valley (Calif.) Record.
n. 4, 1929.

Addie M. Proctor.

SAN QUENTIN PRISON

The cry of the curlew sharp and shrill,
The bark of a dog on yonder hill,
A myriad sails out on the bay
With the big gray house across the way.

The tide is out on the mud flats now
And the bay looks easy to swim, somehow,
But they only perish who seek to stray
From the big gray house across the way.

When the sunset dyes the bay red-gold
And the chaste, white moon her beams unfold,
They mark off the calendar one more day
The guests in the gray house over the way.

The Mill Valley (Calif.) Record. Ruby McLeod Taylor.
Oct. 25, 1929.

THE UNCOUNTED THIRD

Now you are dead, I long to be
A young green-clouded willow tree

Above your grave. Or else a vine
All flower-starred, to closely twine.

You never knew I loved you so . . .
Men's wits are often very slow.

Your wife—some women are so queer—
I doubt if she will mourn a year!

The Mobile (Ala.) Press.
Aug. 31, 1929.

Edith Tatum.

SILVER SCARFS

Things that once lured me
Are silver-spangled scarfs
Batting in the sunlight
From the clothes line of romance
Pulled taut across my heart.

The Montclair (N. J.) Times. Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni.
"Whispers."

THE SEA IS A SIREN

The sea is a siren
Centuries old;
Her songs are sweet,
Her lips are bold.

In amber-clear days
She spreads her charms,
Through soft black night
Reach her luring arms.

She is wise with the wisdom
Of countless years,
She who gives ecstasy,
Sorrow and tears.

But men will follow her
All of their days,
The siren sea
That caresses, and . . . slays!

The Montclair (N. J.) Times.

Ellen M. Carroll.

BLISS CARMAN

He sleeps,
Robed in the toga of Parnassian gods!
His pen, once dipped in nectar of the flow'rs,
Droops with the pallid hand, while Nature nods
For him, who o'er all earthly heights now tow'rs.

His Muse, companionate with murm'ring woods,
Stood symbol of a kinship rich and rare,
Which limned the mountains' ever changing moods,
Or sang the brooklet's flashing, sun-born glare.

We mourn, for in the depth of his big heart,
A boundless love of Nature, true and keen,
Stood forth to mock the bustling, swelt'ring mart,
So alien to the poise of forest scene.

And of his own Canadian wildest haunt
He sang as no Apollo ever sang,
With fresh, warm voice, nor time could stale nor daunt,
Whose echoes to the waiting welkin rang.

He lived—with God in him, with him in God;
He knew no sham; all life to him was kin;
He gave us courage onward e'er to plod,
And we are richer for his having been!

Life's joyous song is mute, the air is still,
And purple pennons drape the mourning West;
A solemn dirge floats from the whip-poor-will,
As Nature's clasp enfolds him, soft caressed.

The New Canaan (Conn.) Advertiser. Herman A. Heydt.

PREJUDICE

Behold me, terror of the soul, enslaver of the earth,
The subtle and unchained force which fetters thee at birth!
I stalk about in fetid air and dwell in caves of night,
I shun the pleas of justice, and I loathe the warming light.
My kingdom knows no boundaries nor creed nor race nor
clime,
The thralldom of my way ensnares the lowly and sublime,
For I am dark-veiled Prejudice, the ruler of the earth.

Behold me lurk with poison fangs and speak with viper
tongue;
I choke the voice of Reason, and I gloat in every wrong;
I tear the sun from zenith sky and grovel in delight
To spin the web of darkness, and I weave all mental blight.
I rob the sweetness from the soul and warp the human scan
And breach the arch and rend apart the fellowship of man,
For I am demon Prejudice, the tyrant of the throng.

I drove the nails in the Cross, I've set aflare the stake,
I filled the dungeons with the moans of tortures for my
sake;
I thwart the will of better self and shape life's destiny
And kill the knighthood of the mind by dwarfing tyranny.
All Galileos I assail—I subjugate the horde
With ignorance my armorer, intolerance my sword,
For I am bitter Prejudice, with hatred in my wake.

*The New Canaan (Conn.) Advertiser. Herman A. Heydt.
August 29, 1929.*

THANKSGIVING

The frost is silvering the amber fields
Where cornstalks bend and idly sway;
The trees aflame in all their loveliness
Bespeak the glories of another day.

Our industries have brought their harvest in,
Each human life to aid and bless;
While Peace remains to change the world
Into a brotherhood of happiness.

For all these creature comforts, now again
We bring our thanks. Oh, may our feet be led
Into the paths of righteousness, until
All weary hearts are healed and comforted!

The New Dominion.

Elizabeth Davis Richards.

AFTER RAIN

But yesterday a gently rippling stream
Meandered through the lowland till it reached
The pond that holds in still embrace the flaming
Autumn trees and deep blue hills. Today
Our pond is lake, for eager streams have broken
Bounds, and wild with joy, dash down the hills,
Cascade into the fields and overflow
The grassy meadows, bearing them away
Like drifting mermaids' hair upon the tide.
The birds have lost their homes and plaintive cry
About the drowning bushes.
I climb the hill

Between the roadside brooks, that now are plunging
Floods and, frantic, hurl themselves down steep
Hill-roads. On either hand the fields are laced
With living streams that rise no man knows where;
They run pale green above the grass, they tack
And turn from old to new-cut channels, bearing
On their current islets torn from weakened
Banks, or blocked by prisoned debris, rise
In spouting horns of joy. By farmhouse door
A new stream finds a short-cut to the road.
And rushes gladly down the grassy ledges.
Higher I climb, still faster run the waters,
Tumbling, racing, whirling, roaring like wind
In pines.

Through rifts and lakes of blue in storm-gray
Clouds the sun sends sudden rays that turn
To silver, all the roaming water, and set
On fire a field between two somber mountains.
Belated crows are seen, dark leaves adrift
Amid the stormy clouds of threatening sky.

The New York Herald-Tribune.

Frances R. Angus

ANTICIPATION OF SPRING

The ice breaks on the river, and the sun
Shines through the lingering cold with waxing heat,
While yesterday the last, faint flurry of sleet
Told us in very truth winter was done.
Outside the window, bell-like, trills a run
Of bird-notes saying April will be sweet;
The earth is stirring underneath our feet
And a strange softness in the air is spun.

There is a tingling promise in the veins
Of garden plants that sense the warming rains
And feel the flush of recrudescent powers.
The still world turns its thoughts away from death
And men await, as with a half-held breath,
Anotherorning of the jeweled flowers.

The New York Herald-Tribune.

Lupton Wilkinson.

ANY CINDERELLA TO A LATE-COMING PRINCE

The slipper's mine . . . but love, why did you wait?
Time is a creditor importunate
Of borrowed gifts! My face is not so fair
As when you hastened, flushed and debonair,
Among the merry dancers seeking me.
My feet, whose eager dancing gave you pleasure,
Have learned to tread a slower, sadder measure.

For I have watched the road expectantly
Through days that lengthened into weeks, then years,
Despite the scourging of my sisters' sneers;
Forever hoping you would find the way
Back to a heart forlorn by your delay.

And now you come with autumn, oh, my lover—
Ended the doubt, the lonely waiting over.
Oh, godmother, one boon I ask, restore
The beauty youthful Cinderella wore!

The New York Herald-Tribune. Louise Crenshaw Ray.
April 21, 1929.

WOLF

Behind my house a timber wolf
Prowls almost every day;
I fear him, for he wants to snatch
My wistful hound away;
She loves to watch his quiet trend,
His muscles' sinewy play.

Twice have I come home suddenly
And found him near the gate.
One glance, and his receding back
Loped off at such a rate
I could only see his tracks in snow
And a streak that flashed like hate.

My wistful hound looks up at me
And knows my heart is wrung,
Knows well my dreamless sleep is wrecked
By his too thirsty tongue—
Yet she yearns and burns to follow him
And litter his den with young.

The New York Herald-Tribune. Wilbert Snow.

HI-JACKER

The lawyer men, with legal minds,
And perspicacity
Resolve a little knot or two
And rate a pretty fee.

And business men, with business brains
In travail and in sweat
And conferences, reduce the costs
And magnify the net.

And yet a curly headed blonde
Will simply smile and say:
"I'm not a bit afraid of you!"
And take it all away!

The New York Daily Mirror.

Wilfred J. Funk.

MADAMOISELLE DEATH The Wallflower

Shyly she sits alone
The stain of sour grapes upon her lips
But within the deep
Caverns of her eyes
Her gypsy clad thoughts
Hold high carnival
For well she knows
The last dance belongs to her.

The New York World.

Frank Ankenbrand, Jr.

FLOWER-CHILDREN

All of the summer's toil is done
And she begins to nod;
She's packed each dream now, one by one,
In sprays of goldenrod.

The light is pale beside the door,
The trees are growing thin.
And she must do just one thing more—
She calls her children in.

The New York Evening World.
Sept. 26.

Kate Randle Menefee.

NEW ENGLAND COAST

I.

Under the swirling of this restless sea
Proud ships have dropped to rest in midnight graves,
Ended their quests; they are abandoned, free;
Theirs is the quiet any old ship craves.
Stern masters of the tempest, and its slaves,
They have deserved this unmolested sleep;
Far from the wind, the fog, the lashing waves.
Dreaming of glories. They will ever keep
Their luring spirits in the breakers' sweep.

II.

Stanch folk have stood upon this ledge before,
Stood here, their hearts buoyed up with native pride;
Their rugged faces, like the rugged shore,
Worn, but unconquered, by the constant tide.
Simply they lived, and then as simply died,
Close to the ocean which has captured them
In skeins of beauty; and, unterrified,
They wore its magic like a flaming gem,
The one bright jewel in their diadem.

III.

People who live along this sturdy coast
Revere the sound of water in their ears;
When they go inland they are spirits lost
Within a labyrinth of lonely fears
And forlorn yearnings. Oh, most bitter years
Away from water and its mighty thunder!
Only to gaze again at sea-worn piers,
And look upon the water swirling under,
Were better than a lifetime's golden plunder.

IV.

This, this is my New England. And to me
Always will come a dream of lights aglow
Down some dark harbor of my memory—
Always the sound of water where I go.
And cry of startled gulls when east winds blow;
I must have jagged rocks and roaring seas,
The glint of sunlight on some schooner's prow,
Old, quiet harbors and the noise of quays—
But most, a rover's heart to match with these!

The New York World.

Oliver Jenkins.

"WORDS"

Go cry your sorrows in the market place,
You posturing poet! Strike into your brain
Your eager quill and with its fine point trace
Small crimson lines. Bare with infinite pain
Your love, your shame, your anguish; of your rage
Make silly marks to feed a hungry page.
Take dreams, take sight, take chattering of birds,
Reduce all loveliness to empty words;
Then wear a wreath of laurel on your head,
Quickened and green with secrets of your dead and strut!

I tell you never could the heart
That knows the stab of beauty and the bliss
Weave loveliness to phantom words like this.
I tell you that the hot and rebel brain,
Staggering and sick beneath the weight of pain,
Never could turn from suffering to please
Fools with such pallid insincerities!

How do I know? Have I not felt the breath
Of suffering sear my throat? Has not my brain,
Tortured and terrified, begged truce of Death
Who only drew His fingers back again?
I can recall that when my now-calm breast
Was quick with passion, and a wild unrest
Tore at my throat and shrieked into my brain
And sent my sick dreams rushing down a lane
Of hot surmises, how by night and day
Silent I sat—and had no word to say.
And did I in that bitter hour borrow
Words from my woe and rhythm from my sorrow
And strip my grief—and wear upon my head
A wreath wrought of the secrets of my dead?
Ah, no—for inarticulate and dumb,
With stony heart I sat upon a stone.

Words—what are words? I, who have drunk my fill
Of sudden joy, of love, of youth, of spring,
I, who have stood like God upon a hill
And thrilled to see a whole sky blossoming,
Never have found one word with half the ache
And wistful wonder of a moon-swept lake,
Nor any loveliness of phrase to show
The delicate drifting miracle of snow!
Words are the fragile ghosts of things that die
In being named. I tell you that the sight
And sting of beauty are enough delight
To close the lips with wonder, and to start
A wild and wordless singing in the heart!

He squanders joy who draws back from the brink
Of beauty for some silly song. I think
God never made a single flowering tree
For poet's babblings—but for ecstasy!

The New York World.

Stella Kobrin.

AN ALLEY CAT

Mangy and gaunt I walk the tiles tonight,
And mangy comes my lady to her tryst;
But nine lives back (nine hundred, some have guessed)
With prouder mien we rambled, ranging light.
Sacred and sleek, on roofs of amethyst
And eaves of ivory we wandered, while
A lotus-colored moon swung up the Nile,
And Memphis slumbered in a silver mist.

O it was heaven just to sit and be
Antiphonal beneath some royal room
Until, for all our sacredness, we heard
Loud hieroglyphic curses flowing free,
And marked a scandal hurtling through the gloom
Hot from the hand of Rameses the Third!

The New Yorker.

Nancy Byrd Turner.

LOVE LETTER WHEN THE CREPE MYRTLE BLOOMS

How can I bring this loveliness to you,
You, who have never seen it?
This crisp purity of white and lavender,
This passionate splendor of flesh and rose,
Of watermelon and winy red?

How can I share with you the thoughts
Such beauty awakens, and you
The living center of it all?
You would not understand;
You have not known the languor and the
Loveliness of magnolias.
You have not dreamed in the perfume
Of white jessamine.

Your heart is like the hepaticas
Of your New England woods.
Your soul reflects the chilly blueness
Of the gentian your slim white fingers
Have plucked.

I shall not tell you of my crepe myrtles,
I shall keep their fragile beauty in my heart,
A defense against your own loveliness.

When you look into my eyes
And find no answering smile
I shall be far away,
For it is August in Virginia,
And the crepe myrtle a riot of color;
Lavender and white,
Flesh and rose and winy red.

The Norfolk (Va.) Landmark. *Virginia McCormick.*
Aug. 9, 1929.

WISDOM

Along the shifting sands that sea winds sift,
The little waves run singing to the night.
The solemn hours mark tides they never lift
And gulls swerve screaming through the fading light.

Some ache brings me to wander on this shore,
It is the hour for voicing inquiries,
But I shall see this evening's end no more . . .
"And why rebel!" so sing these ancient seas.

They with their subtle song bring me a peace,
They waste no sympathy, nor do they scorn;
Knowing as I, that what we have is lease
They voice 'an unconcern as though high born.

H. Raynesford Mulder.

The Norfolk (Va.) Ledger-Dispatch.
Feb. 22, 1929.

VILLANELLE

In old Madrid where lilies blow
The warm winds sing in happy strain
Where dark-eyed maidens laughing go.

In this fair land of furbelow
Once dwelt a youth who loved in vain,
In old Madrid where lilies blow.

He lingered in the moon's soft glow
To strum a lute in sad refrain
Where dark-eyed maidens laughing go.

He sang and sought to let them know
His heart was filled with love's sweet pain,
In old Madrid where lilies blow.

But when they flouted passion's throe
He paused and broke his lute in twain,
Where dark-eyed maidens laughing go.

With his stout sword, this gallant beau,
Then cleft a path to true love's fane—
Where dark-eyed maidens laughing go
In old Madrid where lilies blow.

The Norfolk-Virginian Pilot.
March 17, 1929.

Anne M. Robbins.

DAWN AWAKE AN' LAFFIN' IN DE SKY

Life's a hungry rabbit hidin' in de grass,
Death a checkered rattlesnake waitin' twell he pass—
An' dawn awake and laffin' in de sky.

Rabbit sure am got to eat, seeks a quick repas',
Rattlesnake am ready fer to break his three-day fas',
An' dawn awake and laffin' in de sky.

Grasses softly wavin' where de rabbit's foagin',
Rattler never make a soun', an' woun' up like a sprin',
An' dawn awake and laffin' in de sky.

Rabbit writhes in anguish wid de fangs deep in his side . . .
Den de rattler goes ter sleep agin, his hunger satisfied . . .
An' dawn awake and laffing in de sky.

The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot. *John Richard Moreland.*
July 6, 1929.

AND LIFE IS LIKE THAT!

Slowly gathering tears
Usher in September.
Later,
They course down Earth's cheeks,
Washing away the traces of Summer's sorrows
But watering the deeply-sown joys,
That they may mature
And flower in happiness.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.
"The Other Fellow," Sept. 6, 1929.

Ada Kyle Lynch.

ALONG A WINDING TRAIL

Along a winding trail we go
From meadow into wood,
By darting stream and sun-lit pool,
Deep forest glade and thicket cool,
Where redwoods long have stood—
And find the going good!

Along a winding trail we go—
The trailing path from childhood,
Past blissful fancies, eager strife,
To purposeful and tranquil life,
Where struggling souls have stood—
And find the going good!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.
July 22, 1929.

Amy Bower.

BROKEN COCOON.

Here on this little hidden wildrose spray
That yields a priceless fragrance to each breeze,
A broken silken casket, night and day,
Submissive swings to all winds' vagaries.

A slow-paced creeping creature here has wrought—
Who knows with what low-burning, primal fears,
And with a matchless skill instinctive taught
By what deep needs of long ancestral years?—

A fitting chamber for a season's death,
Wherein, forgetful and unknowing, run
Deep streams of life uncurbed, that at a breath
Break walls and find new freedom in the sun.

Is death a self-locked prison silken-lined
In which my soul its greater life shall find?

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. Athan David Cunningham.
"The Other Fellow," Oct. 18, 1929.

HE WILL NOT LIVE IN BOOKS

A hundred threads moved by a finger tip,
And values rise and fall like little flags,
Like pennons on a masthead float and dip,
While he sits, greedy, on his money bags.

Enamoured Midas, enslaved to his gold,
With gluttonous touch to heap the talents higher;
More frenzied than the alchemist of old,
Self-immolated to a mad desire.

Idolator, with many prayers bent,
To Mammon only, his one god and flame;
The Lydian Croesus, stricken, penitent,
With precious gifts to sacred Delphi came.

But this blind reaper has no sheaves to spare,
No grain in the dry stubble feeds the rooks;
No yellow gleanings for his fellows to share;
Aloof, alone; he will not live in books.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Alex R. Schmidt.*
"The Other Fellow," June 12, 1929.

FORGET-ME-NOT

I planted a forget-me-not beside a redwood tree—
To some folk it may seem a bit of incongruity.
There sprang a hope within my heart that you'll remember me

Some later day, when I'm away, and say, as you stroll by,
"Forget-me-nots and redwoods; she loved them, just as I."

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Bessie I. Sloan.*
"The Other Fellow," May, 1929.

JUSTIFIED

I'd think I had not lived in vain
If a friend could think of me
As the never failing refuge
A bird regards a tree;

I'd think I had not lived in vain
If any little child
Would come to me to dry its tears
Or claim me when it smiled.

I'd think I had not worked in vain
If someone I held dear
Could feel his burden lighten
When he knew that I was near.

I'd know I had not died in vain
If kindly thoughts of me
Gave impulse to one noble deed
Done in my memory.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.
"The Other Fellow."

A. Teresa Moore.

"LOVE 'EM AND LEAVE 'EM"

Love 'em and leave 'em for others to see,
They're part of a world that is happy and free;
Let them cling to their hills in a colorful sea.
Love 'em and leave 'em!

Love 'em and leave 'em where mountain trails run,
To nod in the warmth of the life-giving sun,
Until the brief hour of their glory is done.
Love 'em and leave 'em!

Love 'em and leave 'em to cheer the drab hearts
Of those who have journeyed from far distant parts
To escape for a space from the soul-crushing marts.
Love 'em and leave 'em!

Love 'em and leave 'em—these flowers that smile
All over the countryside, mile after mile.
When you pluck or destroy 'em it isn't worth while.
Love 'em and leave 'em!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.
"The Other Fellow."

Raoul Dorsey.

MIRAGE

If you've never known the desert
With its gold and purple dune,
You have never known the splendor
Of a desert night in June,
Where a million stars are gleaming
In a friendly sort of way
And a big round moon is beaming,
Making earth as bright as day.

If you've never known the desert
You have never known repose,
Nor the peace of heart and spirit
That the desert dweller knows;
You have missed the potent magic
In the night-wind's kindly kiss
And the comfort of a campfire
Where the greasewood faggots hiss.

If you've never known the desert
Then you've never heard the call
That will bring you back no matter
Where your wandering footsteps fall;
Bring you back and hold you captive
To the miles of shifting sand
Where your happy heart may vision
A mirage of Fairyland.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

Raoul Dorsey.

THE AVIATOR

I have looked in the face of the storm
When the strokes of his lashing fell fast,
Encountered his undulant form,
And heard his hoarse threats as he passed.

He is rain in tempestuous force;
He is wind like the Furies in flight.
When his levin-brands flare in his course,
I dread his magnificent might.

Through the measureless space of the skies,
I sail where man never has fared.
With power from Earth's bosom I rise
To heights where Thought, only, has dared.

I have looked in the face of the storm
When the strokes of his lashing fell fast,
Confronted his menacing form,
And challenged his trumpet-blown blast.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune.

Laura Bell Everett.

ORCHESTRA

When men are met in music they attain
A fellowship with all the growing things,
The breath of breezes and the stir of wings,
Or placid sunlight and the hurried rain,
The yielding soil, the petals and the grain;
They sense the mystic cycle from which springs
The love of life and beauty, voice that sings,
And know the kinship of the soul and brain.

A stranger drinking of the melody
May but approach the borderlands to praise.
Himself an instrument for ecstasy,
He glimpses depths his childhood knew and prays
The moment may endure. Inspired is he
To brave alone the young and fearless ways!

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Addison B. Schuster.*
"The Other Fellow."

YOUTH'S DREAMS

Ah, youth, with your dreams and your visions of life,
Why hasten away with the onset of strife?
You hinted success with life's battle begun,
Then fled, leaving age, ere the battle was won.
You whispered of conquest, yet would not remain,
You took strength and vigor, what chance then to gain?

Your dreams were so rosy, they buoyed me with hope,
They promised with courage the future to cope,
They painted romance in a golden-hued light,
They gave fame and fortune with lavish delight,
Endowed with the bounties of God and the world,
A monarch was I in the realm hope unfurled.

Youth's courage and dreams, ah, to keep them through life
To deaden the pain of fate's sharp cutting knife.
To build new foundations when old ones decay,
And cheer and inspire when despair rules the day.
To fight indecision, to conquer the years
That come burdened down with regret and with tears.

Youth's dreams are alluring, its prospects are bright,
It stammers no "Ifs" and it fears not the night.
It visions success and the future is fair
With splendor, but founded on nebulous air.
Youth's dreams; but they fade, and in memory leave
An imp to deride the success we achieve.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Elna Forsall Pawson.*
"The Other Fellow."

TWILIGHT

The loneliest hour is Twilight,
When the sun has gone gently to rest,
When the day, that was bright, quickly turns into night,
And the birds have returned to the nest.

The loneliest hour is Twilight,
'Tis the time for the dreamers to dream,
E'en the flowers and trees, lulled to sleep by the breeze,
Are at rest for the night, it would seem.

The loneliest hour is Twilight,
When the moon o'er the hill slyly peeps,
When from work or from play the world rests for the day,
Calmly waiting Dark Night ere it sleeps.

The loneliest hour is Twilight,
With a flickering light here and there,
'Tis the time of the day for the loved ones away
That we silently offer a prayer.

The loneliest hour is Twilight,
When the sun has gone down in the west,
'Tis the hour that brings rest and peace to all things,
'Tis the hour that I love the best.

The Oakland (Calif.) Tribune. *Gertrude Schroder.*
"The Other Fellow."

STORM-BLOWN FLOWER

Softly palm leaves whisper, alas! alas!
A splash of crimson where they cast their shadows on the
grass—
Blood of my heart; and there blossoms a red, red flower
To heal my wounded heart this sad hour.

The Palm Beach (Fla.) Times. *Ruby Pearl Patterson.*
"Tale Spins," Oct. 1, 1929.

A MEETING

Strange how I knew you that first day
When eye looked into eye,
When your soul found feet and ran to mine
And my heart gave a sudden cry.

Strange how in that crowded room I felt
That you and I had gone
Apart and all the others there
Were merely passing on.

And yet I spoke of things that meant
Nothing at all to me,
Stood there and murmured, "A lovely day!"
And calmly drank my tea.

*The Philadelphia (Pa.) Evening Bulletin. Rebecca Helman.
Feb. 23, 1929.*

EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE

Don't you get tired of everything,
Every once in a while?
Don't you sometimes convince yourself
That never again you'll smile?
And that nothing ever again
Your interest will beguile?
Don't your troubles sometimes descend
In a seemingly endless file?
Don't you sometimes long for
A nice, quiet desert isle?
Where you could forget all the world
In self-imposed exile?
Don't you get to feeling like this,
Every once in a while?

*The Philadelphia (Pa.) Bulletin.
March 6, 1929.*

Alma O'Neill.

LINCOLN

(1809-1865)

A tall gaunt figure with a Christ-like mind,
Forgiving others, and to all men kind;
Dispensing mercy with a tender hand,
Tempered with justice—so he ruled the land.

Love for the needy, thoughtful of the weak,
Yet, in his greatness, humble—even meek,
His was a purpose, his a faith made strong,
To choose the good and blot out all the wrong.

Sought he no path where he might rest awhile,
Tears in his heart were hid beneath his smile;
Thus did he serve unto the bitter end,
True to his country, to mankind a friend.

But to the world he was a beacon bright,
He, who had studied by the candle light;
Taking from wisdom courage as his key.
Truly he lived and died to make men free.

*The Philadelphia (Pa.) Evening Bulletin. Charles Bancroft.
Feb. 12, 1929.*

SILVER SHIPS

God made the sea for sailing men
Who love their silver ships,
For men who go down to the sea
With songs upon their lips;
For ships are built by virile men,
But tides, where e'er they be,
Were made to turn for sailing men
Who love the silver sea.

God made the sea for sailing men
Who love the silver stars,
Who know the shoals and every reef
And all the treacherous bars;
Who love the watch, who stand their "trick,"
And never once complain,
But with a song upon their lips
Bring home their ships again.

God made the sea for sailing men,
For those who fall asleep.
And somewhere by an unknown sea
The mermaids vigil keep;
And there, alone, with "David Jones,"
With songs upon their lips,
They sing for all the sailing men
Who loved their silver ships.

The Philadelphia (Pa.) Inquirer.

Charles Bancroft.

MOTHER

To her I think that dying
Came as no surprise,
So long she had been living
With heaven before her eyes.

Those who had gone before her
Seemed to gather near,
Strangely intermingled
With friends remaining here.

Her house was swept and garnished,
Her earthly tasks all done,
So heaven's gates had opened
Before this life was done.

The Philadelphia (Pa.) Bulletin. Catherine Cate Coblentz.

BIRTH OF OUR SOULS

One day, Dear Heart, in ages long ago—
God breathed upon the harp of love and lo,
Two notes throbbed forth, so sweet and pure in tone—
Two notes at first, then blending into one—
Rushed onward, down the corridors of time,
One was thy soul, dear heart, the other mine.

The Prospect (Ohio) Monitor.
Aug. 15, 1929.

Magdalen A. Saile.

ROADS ALSO SLEEP

When the moon has set
The night is a deep
Mantle of velvet
For roads that sleep.

Highways that weave
In a mystic skein
Like fingers of peace
Over cragmoor and plain.

Forgotten are workaday
Travail and zest
Of freighting and commerce—
Roads, too, must rest.

No roar of motors
No headlight's beam
Lightens their slumber—
Perhaps they dream.

Dreams of a day
When their hard flint rang
With hoof beats of pintos
And of men who sang.

Strange wild songs
As they thundered down
To a pay day spree
In the lurid town—

Or of Redmen riding
In single file,
With faces immutable
Mile after mile.

When the last headlight
Has followed its gleam
Into the darkness,
Roads sleep—and dream.

The Rocky Mountain News.

Glenn T. Neville.

A LAKE IN VERMONT

The mountains gather silence round
The lake and shadows tinge its face,
And deeper lie as divers, drowned
In beauty, dream majestic grace.

The wooded slopes infold the night
About the veiled, abysmal sleep
Of idle waters, under light
Of stars that search the liquid deep.

The waves still lapsing on the land,
Like accents from the heart of pain,
Across a silver lip of sand
And pebbles pour their soft refrain.

While darkness thickens in the throat
Of night beneath the flooded hills,
The lonely loon shouts out his note
Of challenge, and of mystery thrills,

The laughing echoes roam the shore
And faintly end in forest chimes;
Far-off, it seems, the breakers roar,
And fill my veins with salt-sea rhymes.

With silver strokes the moon-blade dips
Across the dreaming lake to me,
And through a sparkling ripple slips
A glimpse of beauty by the sea.

The Rutland (Vt.) Daily Herald. George H. Coffin, Jr.

DOWN THE CONNECTICUT BY RAIL IN

SEPTEMBER

I do not read my newest books,
I read the hills.
I read the clear and stony brooks,
The rocky rills.

I read the great blue stream that seems
A portion of the sky,
And scattered on whose bosom fair
Reflected cloudlets lie.

I read the brightly painted shores
That swift glide by
And show the fading bracken's gold,
The sumac's crimson dye.

Bring me no books nor poems read to me
While the swift reel
Of all New England's autumn charms
Before me wheel.

Lucy Elizabeth Fairbanks.
The Rutland (Vt.) Daily Herald.

FOR DECORATION DAY

(In the National Cemetery at Marietta, Georgia, 10,324 soldiers are buried; soldiers from the northern and southern armies who fell within a radius of 200 miles. Of these 2,968 are unknown.)

Calmly our northern soldiers sleep
In their far-off southern beds.
A country's love keeps green the turf
Above their lowly heads,
While the grand oaks, over them,
Broad, sheltering branches spread.

And in the hush of summer eves
Rise the sweet strains, unheard,
Of that loved minstrel of the South,
The tireless mocking bird;
As sweet for all she sings; no thoughts of strife
Within her breast have stirred.

But do they sleep as calm, as sweet,
As on their northern hillsides laid,
Where the red-breasted robins call
Beneath the maple's shade?
Ay! Is not all their native land
Where cradle rocked or grave was made?
Their country all, for which they died?
Contended on her breast
For whom they gave their all,
Unnamed, unvisited, they rest.

Lucy Elizabeth Fairbanks.

The Rutland (Vt.) Daily Herald.

JUST A-WAITIN'

Yes, my old man has gone beyond
He lingered along 'till Spring,
He was took along 'Thanksgivin' time
An' I guess he had everything.
I'm gettin' along in years myself
But I done the best I could
To tend to him and feed the stock
An' cut and split the wood.
I asked the Lord to send me help
I knew he'd understan'
An' he sent me strength to stick 'er through
An' take care of my old man—
An' now I'm just a waitin'.

He wanted to stay to see what luck
The first warm days would fetch
An' if his grain had winter-killed
Or made a decent ketch
He saw the winter lose its holt
An' saw the spring appear
In orchards that I helped him set
An' fields I'd helped him clear
He saw the oats come shootin' up
The fruit trees in full blow
He looked so kinda' satisfied
An' sorta "just let go"—
Guess he was just a waitin'.

The place would go to rack an' ruin,
If it should now be let
Or hired out or worked on shares—
So I'm not quittin' yet.
An' s'pose I sold to city folks—
These lands we'd cleared and saved—
They'd let the fields grow up to brush
And keep the front yard shaved.
I guess I'll stay right where I be
He'll sure be glad to know
That I am looking after things
For him down here below
Besides I'm just a-waitin'.

I never were much on goin' to church
Nor neither was my old man,
But we always figured the Lord was here
Somewhar close at han'
I hope those "fair fields over there"
Ain't all took up by now
He never would be satisfied
Without some place to plow
Now I don't want no flowing robes
Nor join no heavenly band
I want to join him over thar,
And start to clear some land
An' I know he's just a-waitin'.

The Rutland (Vt.) Daily Herald.

Mark Whalon.

IT'S A LONG, HARD TRAIL

There's a down-hill road that's paved with good intentions,
It's the path of least resistance, and you'll find
That a fellow can't quite be sure that he ought to take a
detour

When he finds himself a-lagging far behind.
There's another road that's mighty steep and rocky;
It's a path you'll never climb unless you're game;
It's no easy going gambol when you once start in to ramble
Up the rocky hillside road which leads to fame.

It is easy, son, to linger by the roadside
When your legs start in to get a little tired;
Though your feet begin to blister, don't dare to dog it,
mister,
Or you'll learn before you know it that you're mired.
So the thing for you to do along life's journey
Is to find the proper road, then hit the pike;
If you ever run to cover you will mighty soon discover
That the rocky road toward fame's a hopeless hike.

There's a lot of down-hill footprints of the loafer
Or a guy who couldn't stand the gaff or strife;
For the road's too bloomin' rocky for the bird who's always
cocky
And believes that he can bluff his way through life;
So remember, son, when you start up the highway,
Don't you dare to lag behind or pull up lame;
Though the trail is filled with boulders, roll your sleeves
up to your shoulders,
And you'll travel up the rocky road to fame.

The Sacramento (Calif.) Union. *W. H. Perkins.*
"The Perk-O-Lator."

ONE MAN'S TRIBUTE

Tonight as I sit at my old oaken desk
Looking back on the years that have gone,
There comes a desire to start strumming a lyre
To a true pal who still carries on.
It is seldom, if ever, she wins any praise
So I offer this toast while I can:
Here's to you, old gal; you're a regular pal—
YOU'RE THE WIFE OF A NEWSPAPER MAN.

As a bride you are hopeful and trusting and brave
As you start down the highway of life;
But the gathering years bring you sorrow and tears,
Yet there's happiness, too, with the strife,
You're possessed of the spirit which never says die
While you scrimp and you save and you plan;
For you learned long ago that you've got to go slow—
YOU'RE THE WIFE OF A NEWSPAPER MAN.

There are times that you long for a new hat or dress,
But with patience that's real and sublime
You are cheerful the while and continue to smile
For the kiddies come first every time.
You're far better, old pal, than we really deserve
As you cheer us along through life's span;
For in sunshine and rain you have yet to complain—
YOU'RE THE WIFE OF A NEWSPAPER MAN.

Before I have written my "30" on life
And start west toward eternity's goal,
I want you to feel that your goodness is real
And unfading on memory's scroll.
You're the sort of a wife who's too good for us all,
And you've been since this life first began;
You're a pal through and through, and a thoroughbred,
too—
YOU'RE THE WIFE OF A NEWSPAPERMAN.

The Sacramento (Calif.) Union.
"The Perk-O-Lator."

W. H. Perkins.

GREAT SALT LAKE

I cannot understand why you enthrall,
When you are sterile, bitter, ages old,
Cruel with sudden storm, gray, deep and cold.
And yet I left a white-veiled waterfall—
You made the lovely wanton sea to pall.
You have no tides of passion that can hold
Or lure my youth, nor laden ships of gold . . .
Why do I linger, heed no other call?

But, dreaming on your breast, I view
A ruby sunset ringed with topaz fire;
You seem my grandmere soothing boyish pain,
Your harp winds croon a lullaby she knew.
Floating, fair eidola quell my desire—
The witchery of childhood comes again.

The Salt Lake (Utah) Tribune. *Jessie Miller Robinson.*
June 16, 1929.

SONG OF A MOTHER

O, sweet that I may claim one shining hour
From out this day! And sweet that I may wear
The gift of a bright, fragrant coral flower
Tangled by tiny fingers in my hair!
And all because the Springtime of a year
Brought the pale gold of daffodils—and you;
The warm, soft wonder of your smile, the dear
O, so adorable eyes of deep blue!

God gave your little life into my care
And gave me Mother Love to show the way
Through hours of high, white rapture—or despair,
As constantly I guarded you each day.
And so, because I am thus blessed, I wear
A fragrant coral flower caught in my hair.

The Salt Lake (Utah) Tribune. *Gladys Ann Wagstaff.*
May 12, 1929.

WHITE MAY

Now it is May in England, and all the countryside
Is scented with the hawthorne, that stretches far and wide
Its thorny arms of sweetness through each enchanted lane—
O, white May of England, can heart hope in vain?

Now in the hawthorne coppice they see (whom God has
blessed)
The nightingale upon the bough with moonlight on her
breast;
They hear her sing, among the may, and heaven comes to
earth
When mayflowers drip their petals through land of my
birth.

Full many are the long years since last I saw the may.
And this was best—that eyes of youth beheld its argent
 spray,
Or now, with older, wiser sight, for very beauty's sake
(O, white May of England!) this heart of mine would
 break!

The Salt Lake (Utah) Tribune.

Maud Chegwidden.

KIN

Every day, when the gray planes fly south
 And brittle thrumming of their air-borne wings
Shatter the quiet, whirling hours away
 Into airways where a noon sun swings,
Dominant in some mysterious way,
 I hear, these times, an older medley
Dropped from the din, as if other sounds
 Were turning into smaller harmony.
Familiar sounds, soft stirring, such as wind
 That rumples hair or touches light the mouth—
Feathery, more intimate than wings
 Of the great birds pounding to the south.

The San Jose (Calif.) Evening News.

Lela Glaze.

HOE MAGIC

If it's big so much the better,
 If it's small I'll love it still,
Just so long as I can putter
 With a bit of soil to till.

It's my pathway back to nature
 In a restless modern day.
Surely digging in a garden
 Beats a stuffy matinee!

My own green things for the table!
 My own flowers—aren't they nice?
My own patch of God's creation,
 My own bit of paradise!

Don't pretend to understand it—
 All I know is this one thing:
Life seems incomplete and useless
 Without gardening in spring.

The Santa Fe (New Mex.) New Mexican. S. Omar Barker.

MODESTY

Backward turn life's pages, Father Time.
Look closely . . . help me find
Some modest ancestor to fill this rhyme.

My Mother?

No . . . she was an actress on the stage,
A most immodest thing that day and age;
And records speak both proud and often
Of gay, bold, blazoned pilgrimage.

My Grandmother?

No . . . for she did wear
Coquettishly, long skirts with naughty flare,
While high-necked basques, with fitted care
Her curves displayed . . . for eyes to share,

My Great Grandmother?

No, no, . . . alas, for she
Took snuff, and had her portrait painted. See
Those hinting eyes beneath her cap's lace frill
How loud they speak the human urge to gayety.

Go back no further in my family race,
Quick! Turn pages forward, Father Time!
Look closely . . . in my daughter's face
. . . Can you not see
A trace or so . . . of modesty?

The Saturday Night.

Grace Frye.

WOMAN IN A LIMOUSINE

Short unintellectual fingers
Bejewelled and rubbed to a shine—
Her face is well-featured and lingers
In thought; but it holds not a line,
Not a character line, not a hinting
Of soul, though she's "beautifully groomed."
Regardless of many things glinting,
She's a green bud that never has bloomed.

The Seattle (Wash.) Argus.
July 20, 1929.

Helen Maring.

LURES

Was it a ribbon in his lady's hair
That set his pulses beating?
Was it a flute's caress, a trumpet's blare,
A chance friend's idle greeting?
Some one may know just why he flung his cloak
Down by the roadside, dropped his scrip, and broke
Into a run. Someone may know what came
Over his fancy in a flash of flame.

And after that, with all the hue and cry
From weed patch, curb and alley,
Why should he not rush on, his head tossed high,
Out of our sluggard valley?
I watched him and I knew that he must tire
Long, long before he came to his desire;
And yet I should be glad, could I have gone
Swiftly with him to meet the rose of dawn.

And now forever he cannot turn back;
He has no hearth fire waiting.
Shall we not pray his ardor may not slack,
His hope have no abating?
To see the lure and bid the muscles strain
Always and always, careless of the pain,
No doubt is best; but—when he wins his own,
Silent to watch the stars—alone, alone!

*The Sioux City (Iowa) Journal. Lewis Worthington Smith.
June 2, 1929.*

ON A MENU CARD

Though there be willows trailing fingertips
Thin-greened and slender on the lake's blue face,
And though there be a moon that slowly dips
Beneath the curve of dawn with silver lace. . . .

I shall remain away—be merely one—
To view a jesting world whose carmined smears
I can efface when all of love is done
And be not kept awake at night by tears.

The Springfield (Mass.) Daily News. Thelma R. Seamster.

THE ESSENCE ETERNAL

Come with me to the weeping-willow
That pines in the city park;
Here is the bench—
It exudes the essence eternal;
It whispers a language hushed in the twilight.
He has withered like an old yellow leaf
And bent with the inevitable.
She was an age gone by—
A faded print late hung in a Victorian parlor.
Hand in hand while the shadows lengthened;
Silence golden in its intimacy;
Lives welded as no metal welds—
So closely knit that to consider one
Smirked of a mortal sin.

And then
Drawing his shriveled head to her
She pointed—
Pointed back through the decades—
Back through time's mellowing avenue.
He nodded and waved his crooked cane
Toward the world.
I walked that way again—
Gone like a mirage—
Vanished with the sun.
An inland breeze shook out the boughs of the willow
And, as they sighed,
A faint perfume crept in my nostrils.

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican. L. B. Cullen Jones.
April 7, 1929.

WAYSIDE MARKET

I saw a wayside market,
Beside a country road;
Beauty must have planned it,
So splendidly it glowed;
And as I paused beside it,
A little country lass
Called out to all and sundry,
Who chanced that way to pass:

"Oh, come and buy some sunshine,
Some perfume and some dew;
Sweet summer has preserved them
In lovely cups for you."

I bought honey and melons,
And grapes and marmalades;
Bouquets of garden flowers,
In many wondrous shades;
Apples and fragrant peaches,
And plums both pink and gold;
O, rarely sweet and tempting,
The things the maiden sold.

I closed my eyes and fancied,
I stood by the Appian Way,
The lumbering trucks were chariots,
Homebound at close of day;
The limousine's soft breathing,
Tired bullocks swinging by;
The lass a Roman maiden,
Calling sweet and high:

"Oh, come and buy some sunshine,
Some perfume and some dew;
Sweet summer has preserved them,
In lovely cups for you."

The Springfield (Mass.) Republican. Adaline H. Tatman.

BLOOM

I knew that spring was coming, for the stir
Of grasses made a murmur on the hill.
I knew that love was waking, for the whirr
Of wings and piping calls were never still.

But I was silent, till I heard the shout
Of triumph from a rosy-blossomed tree.
Then, when I felt your circling arm about
My shoulders, love and spring came home to me!

Eunice Mitchell Lebmer.
The Springfield (Mass.) Sunday Union and Republican.
May 19.

REALITY

There is adder's tongue
In the dry brown leaves
Where the robin digs
And the spider weaves.

There is purple cress
Where the waters lap
The lean willow tree
That is dripping sap.

And a crow flies high
And a bluebird sings
To the April wind
Its low plaintive things.

Raymond Kresensky.

The Springfield (Mass.) Sunday Union and Republican.
May 19.

THE CROSSING WATCHMAN

Down where the side-street dips to meet the track,
A watchman guards the crossing. Thin and gray,
He potters round his garden-patch all day,
Or sits on a bench in the sun beside his shack.
Yet, when that sudden signal calls him back
To duty, restless traffic must obey
His slowly moving hand, that bars the way;
His round sign, high-held, lettered, "Stop," in black.
He feels the deep importance of his trust.
His spare form straightens to majestic mien.
His face is set. His chin is upward thrust.
His glance is swift, commanding, wide and keen.
The train roars past. The traffic moves through dust.
He sits, again, upon his bench, serene.

Florida Watts Smythe.

The St. Louis (Mo.) Globe-Democrat.
"Echoes of the Streets."

COLORS

I painted a beautiful picture
With colors that love can see
With all the tints of the rainbow
I colored it patiently.

I thought it would last forever
Like the pictures the masters made
But before I had finished my picture
I saw it beginning to fade.

There was nothing to do, to save it
As slowly it faded away,
But my heart still holds the image
Of the picture that turned to gray.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.

Edward Heim.

"*The Gulf Scream*," Oct. 12, 1929.

BURDENED

I fashioned a cross of heavy wood,
Thinking I must prepare it;
I would have fled had I understood
I would have to bear it!

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.

Florence Moore Winston.

"*The Gulf Scream*," Feb. 13, 1929.

DAYTONA BEACH

Swifter than sight—
A flash and a roar—
A meteorite
Skimming the shore!

Defiant of Fate,
Man is the master
A moment—but wait!
Death can fly faster.

The Tampa (Fla.) Morning Tribune.

Philip E. Barney.

"*The Gulf Scream*," Feb. 15, 1929.

ECHO

This elf of the flowers who lightens the hours
With melody moulded from laughter,
And rides through the room on the tail of a broom
Shaking the ceiling and rafter,
Is someone who came from the heart of a flame
When witches were craftily brewing
A kind of a spawn with the Soul of a fawn
And a Will that might prove our undoing.

There is artifice—guile, in the light of her smile.
The neighbors say “cute but precocious;”
And grandma lays down the law with a frown
At table, for manners “atrocious.”
She stamps with her feet when we try to entreat,
And melts into passionate weeping
When people suggest that “Mother knows best”
The hours for playing or sleeping.

She is known to rebel with a hideous yell
Concerning some matters of diet,
Suggesting a cone is the one thing alone
Might prevail on her soul to be quiet.
In fact, as her Pa has observed to her Ma:
“She appears to be looking for trouble;”
But a sharp little whack on her left, lower back,
Seems to break the revolt like a bubble.

Now someone might think we stand on the brink
Of suicide, ruin and scandal—
That this little lass might be put in a class
With tyrant and siren and vandal;
But let me say here and I’m wholly sincere
When I speak to my neighbors and brothers,
“This girl is as true as the heavens are blue,
And exactly the same as the others.”

William V. V. Stephens.

The Tampa (Fla.) Morning Tribune.

“The Gulf Scream,” June 12, 1929.

L’ AIGLON

Why should perverse, despotic Fate
Here bind us to a task we hate,
Or yet though hating not,
At least be far from Heart’s Desire?
Though in a lovely spot
And every circumstance conspire,
’Twould seem to many a mind,
To make for perfect happiness—
The world may count our life success;
We count it but a grind.

Thus you, though wielding poet's pen,
Though having place in Letter's halls
Are far from Heart's Desire.
You dream of pitching decks, of squalls,
Of spindrift in your face,
Of tropic seas of fire,
Of whalers gripped in Arctic ice,
Of months away from haunts of men
With grisly Death to race—
'Tis thus you dream of Paradise.

Methinks that in your former lives
You sailed with Frobisher or Drake;
You riveted the chains and gyves
On captive kings of Rome;
You felt the trireme thrill and quake
As brazen beak drave home
In foeman vessel's side;
You saw the reddened tide,
Heard clash of steel—fierce battle yells,
Felt flames make ships but floating hells.

Ere that, your bull's hide buckler hung
O'er side of sturdy Viking craft;
Steel-thewed, you tugged at oars or sung
In wassail bout, to Odin quaffed.
With ships of Sidon or of Tyre
Explored uncharted seas;
Braved maelstroms, demons, dragons dire—
Mayhap heard Homer strike his lyre
While waiting favoring breeze—
Was your torch kindled at his fire?

Take cheer, for who can future tell?
Methinks that when the Boatman's bell
Shall call you to his deck
For journey to an unknown land,
The end may be a golden strand,
High deeds we do not reck
Upon some distant star—
You may strike hands with comrades true,
With brothers from afar
Who've sailed and fought and died with you.

The Tampa (Fla.) Morning Tribune.
"The Gulf Scream," June 13, 1929.

F. B. Knapp.

BEGGARS

I gave a bird beggar some crumbs of bread
And it paid me with a song;
I gave a man beggar my whole loaf of bread
And he took my heart along.

'he Tampa (Fla.) Tribune.

Helene Claiborne.

'The Gulf Scream," Feb. 20, 1929.

OLD VOICES

I took a new pen to Flanders
(Oh, the poppies that day were red
Where they bloomed in the fields of Flanders
Over the gallant young dead).

I took a new pen to Flanders—
I would give her a gay new song;
For surely the old songs weaken
Where the dead have lain so long.

I took a new pen to Flanders
(Oh, the poppies were red that day);
I took a new pen to Flanders,
And I brought a new pen away.

Edith Fulton Martini.

The Tampa (Fla.) Morning Tribune.

'The Gulf Scream," May 23, 1929.

TO AN OLD-FASHIONED PORTRAIT OF A GIRL GRADUATE

Erect, as a young tree, slim,
So daintily, fragilely slight;
Serene and fair above the height
Of flowing gown, that is, from throat to ruffled hem,
A statured glory, delicate and chaste and trim;
Like some young goddess, poised
To walk the road of dreams—
How clear, within your radiant mind,
The vast world's sure enchantment seems!

Sweet eyes that dream, and lips that smile
Are things of beauty, to beguile
The soul of him who lives fair things;
Your demure face, above white lace,
Image itself of life's fresh loveliness,
Suffused, flow'r-like, with gentle, pensive grace.

As thus you stand, in stately skirts arrayed,
Before the glass of Time,
How unaware you are, and unafraid
Of life's uneven measure, its swift and changing rime!

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Annie Laurie Cheves.*
"The Gulf Scream," April 28, 1929.

WHEN SPRING IS IN THE AIR

O bright bright sandals for my feet
And red to bind my hair;
For gypsy blood is in my veins
And Spring is in the air!

My heart's a singing troubadour
Whose lays are wild and fair;
The road has called my vagrant feet
And Spring is in the air.

My house is waiting to be swept;
The dust is everywhere.
How can I sew and cook and bake
When Spring is in the air?

My true love waits beside the gate.
How strange I should not care!
But I was born a vagabond
And Spring is in the air.

Sometime I slip Life's galling noose,
Her chains I cannot bear;
My feet must tread on minstrel paths
When Spring is in the air.

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Mary Alef Sparks.*

WHETHER

If I had not left the town-line
And crossed beyond the hill
Would I not have been more happy—
Have had more freedom still?

The sun would shine more golden
When it rose beyond the wood;
The moon appear more molten,
The people have more good?

Oh, if I had never ventured
Beyond my native brook-side
Would my life have been more full
Than since I've gone three oceans wide?

The Tampa (Fla.) Tribune. *Philip H. Cummings.*
"The Gulf Scream," Sept. 1, 1929.

THERESA OF SAN LUIS DEL BAC

Each day she walks a shadowed path
Within the convent garden walls
Until a sculptured Christ calls out
And hearing it she stops and falls
Upon her knees to utter there
Such words as are her daily prayer.

She is too young, and fresh, and soft
For anything but happiness.
The ebon braids that nestle 'round
Her brow have never known express
Delight that comes from lover's hands
Upon their sleeping, glowing strands.

No prince may come to her and know
The sweetness of her lips, nor stare
Into her dreaming eyes and speak
Of other things than beads, nor dare
To fold her to his breast and tune
Her pulse to his beneath the moon.

She has awakened to these things
And shocks her own austerity
By mumbling strange desires that drown
Beneath a black futility.
She tells cold beads and dries hot tears . . .
These shall be her's through all the years.

The Tuscon (Ariz.) Citizen. *D. Maitland Bushby.*
Aug. 3, 1929.

"I'LL TELL THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD"

Now, Enoch, was a patriarch, 'way back in distant ages dark. He had so much religious vim we read that God translated him. No skull and cross-bones marks his tomb, no fear of death, no dread of doom. His faith had such a mighty wing, Death missed his mark and lost his sting!

Ye weak-kneed saints, dismiss your fears—he walked with God three hundred years; there's hope for you, although not strong, if Enoch walked with God so long.

So "Walker" should be his surname, for that's how he obtained his fame.

He walked with God in married bliss. Ye bachelors take note of this! Ye married men who live in strife, quit Adam's stunt—don't blame your wife!

Now, Enoch earned the Lord's "Well done!" To him was born a famous son, who made a record for his pa—the old-age prize—Methuselah.

God's grace was present in those days to help a man to walk His ways. If such results just then could be, what of the twentieth century—with knowledge like a mighty deep and every means of grace to keep?

But some are weak because they've sinned, and never got their second wind—I mean that privilege, God-given, to breathe the atmosphere of Heaven.

Man's character shows by His Walk, as much as by his work and talk; when saints are running down at toe their souls need healing, that we know.

We know most babies learn to walk long before they learn to talk. So here's the moral—it's a peach! Learn to walk before you preach!

To walk with God is, as you know, to go as He would have you go. That should not be so hard, I'm sure, yet angels can do nothing more.

The War Cry. *Uncle Charlie.*
June 15, 1929.

COMPENSATION

August 22, 1929

Oh barren woman, must you yearn
For baby lips and dimpled hands,
These tiny jewels your life to fill,
In a world where strife reigns still;
Must you propagate,
Naught can compensate?
Oh barren woman!

Yearn no longer, barren woman,
For you there's hope when day is o'er.
Loose the bonds of love for all,
You'll find at eve when shadows fall
That jewels wait
At heaven's gate
For barren women.

The Wasp-News Letter.
March 16, 1929.

I. Kathleen Cary.

INDIA'S FUNERAL FIRES

Drifting in a sampan—lean boatmen at the oars,
On a sacred river with Hindu templed shores.
There a burning ghat with smoldering funeral pyre,
The smudgy sandal smoke arises from the fire.

The evil-looking dhomes—unholy outcaste creatures,
With their black shifting eyes and ash-lined features,
Stir the flickering embers for a copper pie.
The musty incense winding slowly to the sky.

And grieving mourners pleading sadly with their calls,
To some god, or goddess, beyond the dismal walls.
Arrant vultures soaring beneath an ivory cloud,
Look down upon the form wrapped in a shroud.

And there where many old dead funeral fires abound,
The ash of sandal, bo, and teak spread o'er the ground,
There sit dull dhomes, inactive while they long and wait,
To kindle other fires within the open gate.

The Wasp-News Letter.
August 31.

William Anderson.

A WEE BIT OF SENTIMENT

There's a wee, bright bit of sentiment
That lingers with us yet;
And a wee warm spark of romance
Our hearts cannot forget.

Though the snows of three score winters
Have fallen on his head,
In his eyes the love-light lingers,
On his cheeks the sunset red.

He's the same impulsive lover,
That captivated me,
When he was over five years old,
And I was almost three.

His handclasp's just as warm and strong,
His smile is just as sweet,
As when we conned the self-same book
And sat in the same school seat.

His brow is just as noble,
His heart is just as true,
As when we sought the preacher,
And responded with, "I do."

Once again we two, like lovers
We two sit all alone;
For our girl and boy have left us
To make home nests of their own.

So a wee, bright bit of sentiment,
Still lingers with us yet,
And a wee warm spark of romance,
Our hearts cannot forget.

The Wasp-News Letter.
Oct. 19, 1929.

Alice McGeorge.

HARBOR DAY

Romance—History
Romance the perfume of the Past
Dolores—the Padre—
The rambling adobe—
The echo of laughter and song
And bold against the twilight sky
The vaquero—
Idyllic Past

History and Romance—
1849—Sutter Fort's—Gold,
Brig and bark and barkentine
Deserted—
Rotting in the stream—

And San Francisco
Gold center of the world—
Gamblers and banditti—
The vigilantes—1855
Vivid, pulsating background.

Idling against
The north shore of the Strait
The Clipper
Full sailed and white
Finds anchorage in the Bay—
The whaling fleet—
The old side-wheeler
Of the "Mail"—
The Trader, deep water seafarer
From Hawaii—
Leeward the windjammer
Against the western sky—
And down the coast
The lumber schooner beating
Towards the "Heads."

Rich with tradition
A God-given heritage is yours—
The sea-borne commerce
Of all the world
Pick up their pilots
"Off the Gate"
Great concrete piers
Stage
The real romance
Of trade—

The river boats
From valley empires
Bring the "gold" of fruitful acres—
Slow moving
Heavy laden with oil
The barge

From Richmond—
Real sovereignty is here.
The war ships of the Nation
Ride majestically
Where the setting sun
Makes magic—
The western day.
Blessed
With unrivalled beauty
And potential
With the dawn of time
What is thy ultimate.

The Wasp-News Letter.
August 24, 1929.

Lucile Macpherson.

THE DESERTED SCHOOLHOUSE

In a cosy little valley between the wooded hills,
Where grow the silver birches along secluded rills,
Girt round with tangled alders by Nature's hand bestowed,
Stands a little empty schoolhouse, beside a grassy road.

There is moss upon the shingles; some window-panes are
gone;

A loosened clapboard dangles all listless and forlorn;
The door stands partly open, but not for children's feet,
For the children are no longer who once that pathway beat.

Now no footsteps fall and echo upon the ancient floor;
No papers strew the desk lids, for scholars come no more.
Upon the dusty blackboard are figures dim and quaint,
And the motto o'er the doorway is yellow-stained and
faint.

Firmly builded was the schoolhouse; its rafters still are
sound;

Beyond, some old farm buildings are falling to the ground;
The winter winds may whistle, the autumn breezes moan;
But it bids old Time defiance, and there it stands, alone.

When the golden sunset lingering lightens the woodland
glen,

The windows catch the splendor and flash it back again
In gleams of dazzling brightness, until the glory wanes
And the western sky paints dimly upon the broken panes.

When the big moon slowly rises up o'er the eastern hills
And all the little valley with weird enchantment fills;
When through the broken windows the night winds softly
 creep,
And the alders by the doorway their branches gently
 sweep—

Hark! a murmur through the silence, a distant music
 sweet,

A song of lessons ended, a rush of little feet,
A strain like that of angels in tones triumphant glad!
And the old room faintly answers, its voice forever sad.

The Wasp-News Letter.
March 16, 1929.

Mary E. Isbam.

EAVESDROPPING

The rose on the trellis said to the ferns
 Caressing the garden's end,
"Where are the people who live in The House?"
 And the poplar, there at the bend
Of the graveled path that leads to the pool
 Where lazy gold-fish play,
Quietly turned to the garden, and said
 ". . . They've gone . . . away."

"Do you mean to tell me," the columbine said,
 To the blossoms there at her feet,
"That they've gone and left us here to fade,
 In this perfectly terrible heat?"
The willow tree wept just a little bit,
 And so did the garden, bereft
Of those that loved it a very great deal,
 But who, it seemed, had left.

An age-old stone, sitting way in the back
 Of a shadow-softened place,
Spoke for the first time in many years
 And with a great deal of grace:
"You're a very rude garden to be so unkind;
 You should not speak in that tone
Of your master and mistress who soon will return . . ."
 Thus spoke the very old stone.

So the rose on the trellis washed her face
In a tiny drop of dew,
And the ferns, caressing the garden's end,
Washed their faces, too.
And the wind from the west swept all of the dust
Off the leaves of the poplar tree,
And the columbine said, "I'm sorry
That I spoke so impatiently."

The willow-tree sang them all to sleep,
And when it was very late
I left the lonely garden . . .
And quietly . . . closed the gate.

The Wichita (Kan.) Beacon.
Aug. 18.

Erin.

NIGHT AMONG THE EVERGREENS

Night rustling the evergreens is near us on the trail—
Let us make camp, and then look beyond the veil
Of pointed dark leaves, where the gray highroad twists
Higher into the mountains, above the mists.

We can hear eager sheep tear the scant cool grass,
We can see milk-white goats up the canyon pass.
We can glimpse secret haunts where a shy deer goes,
We can thrill to the beauty this trout stream shows.

Far down the highway, a hard-pressed motor drums—
Stir the fire quietly. Again the wind hums
Through the evergreens and gives us friendly hail,
Night is coming swiftly to camp with us on the trail.

The Wichita (Kan.) Beacon.
August 18, 1929.

Peter A. Lea.

DESTINY

I must take my stand in the front line of battle
When the war drums start to roll—
I must not hang my shield in the halls of memory,
I must fight and prove my soul.

My heart is a coward and my legs want to run,
When the colors begin to lead,
But I know I've got to follow, and maybe fall,
For my God and my Right and my Creed.

Well I know that victory is barren as the sand
And glory never worth the toll.
Defeat may be bitter, but I'd rather fight and fall
Than run away and lose my soul.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *Clarence L. Peaslee.*
"Attic Salt," June 22, 1929.

EMBERS

He built a big square white house,
Not a vine-clad cottage for a bride,
But a great house for a family,
Where his grandchildren might abide.

She came dreaming to his great house—
Life had a purpose and was sure;
Winter winds might rage at midnight,
She and all within would be secure.

She bore to him ten male children,
Four of them living and six long dead.
He was felled in a winter forest;
She was left in the white homestead.

Now she sits and rocks by the fire,
Raking the embers with her cane,
Nods and dozes with her memories,
Startles at gusts against the pane.

So old, that she has time to wonder
Why women's lives are forever balked;
Why they kept on having babies
And sewed and rocked and talked and talked.

This tale ends without a closing—
Life never closes, it only stops.
She will stay in the big square homestead
Till dreams grow gray and her white head drops.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun. *Clarence L. Peaslee.*
"Attic Salt," May 18, 1929.

FAITH

Midnight
Without a star?
Only when I forget
That prayer's a rocket to illumine
The dark.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt," June 22, 1929.

Mary Pollard Tynes.

GALLEY

Creaking of oars in the rusty locks,
Creaking of chains as they meet the shocks
Of a fore-strained arm.
Struggling of waves 'gainst the flat oar-side.
Struggling of muscles against the tide,
The merciless, riotous, cruel tide
That boasts no heart.
Doom . . . doom . . . doom . . .
Thud the driver's mallets.

Cringing of backs 'neath the whistling lash,
Cringing of eyes 'neath the evil flash
Of the whip-man's glance.
Toiling of blades through the frothy swell,
Toiling of souls through the warping hell,
The torturous, heart-searing, spirit-hell
That has no end.
Doom . . . doom . . . doom . . .
Thud the driver's mallets.

Groaning of beams and the ship's each joint,
Groaning of men at the breaking-point
Of their hopeless lives.
But—
Onward through cycles of fear and pain,
Onward—and onward—and on again—
Till kind Death frees.
Doom . . . doom . . . doom . . .
Thud the driver's mallets.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt."

Helen Sterling Granger.

JOURNEY

The tall wind booms on the roof-beam,
The small wind sobs at the door,
But wisha! I'll never hear them
Any more.

The red cow's udders are heavy,
The chicks are peckin' for a grain,
But wirrah! I'll never tend them
Again.

Himself is frettin' in the mornin',
At night he fumbles at his beads,
But I can't return if his own
Heart bleeds.

It's not America I'm after
Visitin' over sea and rocks . . .
God rest my soul in a white
Pine box!

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt."

Benjamin Musser.

ONCE AGAIN

Once again yellow roses will blossom
By the side of your gray garden wall
And the sun through the trees will fleck shadows,
Where hollyhocks burn;
But the echoing shouts of the youngsters,
Who stormed through the neighboring fields
And scaled the stone fence at the road-side,
Will never return.

Once again to your trees will come robins
In the spring time, to mate as before;
They will circle your meadows in trying
New love songs to learn;
But the voices that sang to you love songs—
Rich blending of tenor and bass—
And the smiles on enraptured young faces,
Will never return.

Once again leaves will fall in the autumn
And the birds will fly south as before,
While the mists lie deep in the valleys
And crops give concern;
But your heart will no longer be captured
By upland or lowland or sea,
For we, who have loved here together,
Will never return.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt," Nov. 16, 1929.

Clarence L. Peaslee.

WHEN THE TRAINS ARE COMING IN

How I love the noise and bustle
When the trains are coming in.
How I like to see folks hustle
And to hear the merry din.
How I like to hear the "Cabbies"
Calling loudly up and down:
"Yellow ca—ab,
"Tax—ee ca—ab,
"Tax—ee, tax—ee, tax—ee fer up-town?"

How I love the throbbing engine
With its grinding, shrieking wheels;
It is full of power kinetic,
Which its panting breath reveals.
How I thrill to hear the "Cabbies"
Calling something out like this:
"Yell—ow ca—ab sir,
"Tax—ee ca—ab, sir?
"Here's your baggage transfer, miss."

How I love the shining coaches
With their cushions and their light,
Rushing in from distant places
Through the darkness of the night.
How I feel the common heart-beat,
Meetings, partings, "Cabbies" call:
"Yellow ca—ab, sir,
"Tax—ee cab, sir,
"Baggage? Hotel? Up-town fer all."

How I love to hear the "Newsies,"
 And the Station-Master call:
 "Evenin' papah? Evenin' papah?"
 "Ah—l—l a—boar—r—d for St. Pau—l—l,
 O—ma—ha—a, Butte, and See—at—tle,
 "Tr—a—ain on fir—st tr—r—ack."
 "Yell—ow cab, miss?"
 "Papah, mistah?"
 "Hotel? Baggage? Tax—ee back?"

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt," Oct. 5, 1929.

Alice McGeorge.

THE IMPOSTOR

She sang because Love came to her
 One bright and summer day,
 And then when even time had come,
 Love laughed—and went away.

She sighed to lose the Love that came
 Unbidden and unsent;
 Alas, poor child, she could not know
 It was not Love—that went.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt," May 18, 1929.

Helen Parkinson-Neal.

TO A PLAYER ON THE RADIO

The hour grows late, I enter hurriedly
 And pausing in the darkness, turn a key,
 From out the summer evening, clear and true
 I hear a cello calling, gypsy, you
 Are playing all your heart out in the night,
 With lifted brows and southern eyes alight,
 And master fingers pressed upon the strings,
 As like a wounded bird your cello sings
 And pleads and cries, as though imperious
 To tear away the miles dividing us.
 Dear heart, dear heart, I tremble as I hear
 The music far away that draws us near.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt."

Beulah May.

SETTIN' AROUN'

If I was ta go back there now
They'd all be a settin' aroun'
An' they'd git up ta greet me—
 All glad ta see me
Even if I couldn't stand 'em
 Allus settin' aroun'.
Then they'd ask me ta set down
And we'd set down till dinner
Then we'd git up and sit down ta the table
And eat chicken and cake and pie and puddin'
And git up and set down till supper—
Set aroun' the stove if it was winter
Or under a tree, come summer.
 Ole maids and teachers
Settin' aroun' the parks on their vacations.
Come six, we'd set down ta supper—
Corn bread and beans, bacon and gravy
 And fried spuds and apples.
Then we'd get up and set till bedtime.

Think I could stan' 'em? No siree!
I pikes out and gits a job runnin' a auto
 An' steps up to a plane.
"Looks like store work or car conductor
Would a ben safer," says Slew Diggs.
 But d'ja think
I was gon a stan' up and trot eight hours
When I could have a padded cushion
And fool with steerin' gear,
 Little me? No siree!
 Never could stan'
 Their settin' aroun'.

The Williamsport (Pa.) Sun.
"Attic Salt," Nov. 16, 1929.

Mabel F. Blakeslee.

TO A TREE DRIFTING ON THE MISSOURI

A few days since as I was standing on the bank of the Missouri at Yankton, an observer among others of the June rise, an immense cottonwood stripped of its bark and most of its limbs, came floating past on the boiling, gray current. The remark of a fellow who stood near was harsh. He blurted out, "A feller could ride to hell on that old chap." I was contemplating it in quite a different manner

In what far grove, old voyager, did you lift
Your smooth green branches to the kissing air,
What screens for nesting birds were in your gift,
What night winds moved your leaf-lips into prayer?
Did fear possess you as the gnawing stream
Crept hourly closer to your anchorage
Or did it whisper some far-inviting dream,
Some rare new-birth beyond the water's rage?

Perhaps in you my own self I may see,
A curious drifter on that vast expanse
Of time and place to God's eternity.
Like you upon the tide I swing and dance,
Like you I'm shorn of many a clustering hope,
And I like you have felt the buffet hand
Of lashing wave and cruel ice, and like you grope
Still but a child to an unknown strand.

Will Chamberlain.

The Yankton (S. Dak.) Press and Dakotan.

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NEWSPAPERS

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I am always glad to receive current poems from my readers.

INDEX TO TITLES

A Blackbird Calling, <i>Harry Noyes Pratt</i>	46
A Chopin Nocturne, <i>Berta Hart Nance</i>	52
A Country Tragedy, <i>Walter A. Hard</i>	71
A Dog's Howl, <i>Lowe W. Wren</i>	5
A Lake in Vermont, <i>George H. Coffin, Jr.</i>	94
A Meeting, <i>Rebecca Helman</i>	91
A Wee Bit of Sentiment, <i>Alice McGeorge</i>	115
A Wife's Thanks, <i>Florence Van Fleet Lyman</i>	56
Adrift, <i>Harriet Olds Henderson</i>	29
After Rain, <i>Frances R. Angus</i>	76
Airports, <i>Raymond Kersensky</i>	27
Along A Winding Trail, <i>Amy Bower</i>	85
An Alley Cat, <i>Nancy Byrd Turner</i>	82
And Life Is Like That, <i>Ada Kyle Lynch</i>	84
Anticipation of Spring, <i>Lupton Wilkinson</i>	77
Any Cinderella To A Late Coming Prince, <i>Louise Crenshaw Ray</i>	77
April, <i>Tessa Sweazy Webb</i>	48
At the Sign of the Spade, <i>Arthur Goodenough</i>	17
Autumn Wears a Bright Shawl, <i>Ruth Winslow Gordon</i>	70
Ave! Caesar, <i>Don Farran</i>	32
Barn Swallow, <i>Frederick M. Steele</i>	57
Beggars, <i>Helene Claiborne</i>	110
Birth of Our Souls, <i>Magdalen A. Saile</i>	93
Bliss Carman, <i>Herman A. Heydt</i>	74
Bloom, <i>Eunice Mitchell Lebmer</i>	105

Broken Cocoon, <i>Athán David Cunningham</i>	85
Burdened, <i>Florence Moore Winston</i>	107
Butterflies, <i>Miriam Joyce Selker</i>	63
By the Misty Sea, <i>H. P. Crafts</i>	72
Cane Field Song, <i>Clifford Gessler</i>	27
Cliff Above the Pacific, <i>Helen Maring</i>	38
Colors, <i>Edward Heim</i>	106
Compensation, <i>I. Kathleen Cary</i>	114
Dandelions, <i>Mildred Schanck</i>	48
Dawn Awake an' Laffin' in de Sky, <i>John Richard Moreland</i>	84
Daytona Beach, <i>Philip E. Barney</i>	107
Desert Rat and Night Wind, <i>Oscar H. Roesner</i>	7
Destiny, <i>Clarence L. Peaslee</i>	119
Dream-Content, <i>Helen Smales</i>	49
Dreams, <i>Elizabeth Chambers</i>	41
Down the Connecticut by Rail in September, <i>Lucy Elizabeth Fairbanks</i>	95
Eavesdropping, <i>Erin</i>	118
Echo, <i>William V. V. Stephens</i>	107
Eden, <i>Philip M. Raskin</i>	64
Embers, <i>Clarence L. Peaslee</i>	120
Every Once in a While, <i>Alma O'Neill</i>	91
Faith, <i>Mary Pollard Tynes</i>	121
February Twilight, <i>Elliott Driver Jordan</i>	28
Flight, <i>Annie Belle E. Koogle</i>	14
Flower-Children, <i>Kate Randall Menefee</i>	79
For Decoration Day, <i>Lucy Elizabeth Fairbanks</i>	96
Forget-Me-Not, <i>Bessie I. Sloan</i>	86

Galley, <i>Helen Sterling Granger</i>	121
Girlhood, <i>Cora Barber Crary</i>	51
Graf Zeppelin, <i>Francis M. Lipp</i>	18
Great Salt Lake, <i>Jessie Miller Robinson</i>	99
Harbor Day, <i>Lucile Macpherson</i>	115
Hawaii . . . Aloha . . . And Love, <i>A. M. Sedgwick</i>	60
He Will Not Live in Books, <i>Alex. R. Schmidt</i>	85
Hi Jacker, <i>Wilfred J. Funk</i>	78
Home, <i>Phoebe A. Naylor</i>	21
Hoe Magic, <i>S. Omar Barker</i>	101
Hope, <i>Addie M. Proctor</i>	72
I, Too, Have Dreamed, <i>Clarence P. Milligan</i>	31
"I'll Tell the Wide, Wide World," <i>Uncle Charlie</i>	113
India's Funeral Fires, <i>William Anderson</i>	114
In Inverse Ratio, <i>Ann Greene</i>	42
It's a Long, Hard Trail, <i>W. H. Perkins</i>	98
It Was You, <i>Ruth Markley Buchanan</i>	55
Journey, <i>Benjamin Musser</i>	122
Just a Waitin', <i>Mark Whalon</i>	96
Justified, <i>A. Teresa Moore</i>	86
Kin, <i>Lela Glaze</i>	101
L'Aiglon, <i>F. D. Knapp</i>	108
Largess, <i>E. Leslie Spaulding</i>	34
Last Red Leaf, <i>Walter A. Hard</i>	10
Life's Obligation, <i>John Harsen Rboades</i>	57
Lincoln, <i>Charles Bancroft</i>	91
Lines to a Blonde Girl, <i>Natalie Flobr</i>	36
"Love 'Em and Leave 'Em," <i>Raoul Dorsey</i>	87

Love Letter When the Crepe Myrtle Blooms, <i>Virginia McCormick</i>	82
Lures, <i>Lewis Worthington Smith</i>	103
Mademoiselle Death, <i>Frank Ankenbrand, Jr.</i>	79
Mirage, <i>Raoul Dorsey</i>	88
Modesty, <i>Grace Frye</i>	102
Mother, <i>Catherine Cate Coblentz</i>	93
Moving Day and Morning-Glories, <i>Katheryn McCormack Smith</i>	50
My Radio, My Fire and I, <i>Eleanor Bitler Hunter</i>	49
Nancy Hanks, <i>E. O. Laughlin</i>	33
Nevada, <i>Bertha Rafetto</i>	13
New England Coast, <i>Oliver Jenkins</i>	79
New Year's Prayer, <i>Scottie McKenzie Frasier</i>	53
Night Among the Evergreens, <i>Peter A. Lea</i>	119
Night Thoughts, <i>John Kearns</i>	28
No More, <i>Isami Morita</i>	60
Old Voices, <i>Edith Fulton Martini</i>	110
On a Menu Card, <i>Thelma R. Seamster</i>	103
Once Again, <i>Clarence L. Peaslee</i>	122
One Man's Tribute, <i>W. H. Perkins</i>	98
On Mignonette—A Garden Meditation, <i>Rev. William Wood</i>	15
Orchestra, <i>Addison B. Schuster</i>	89
Our Country's Dead, <i>Sara Roberta Getty</i>	52
Passing of the Pioneer, <i>Dorothy McFarlane</i>	12
Phantasm, <i>Isola M. Ohaver</i>	48
Pipes O' Pan, <i>Georgia D. Valentiner</i>	41
Police Reporter, <i>Leslie Dykstra</i>	30
Prejudice, <i>Herman A. Heydt</i>	75

Pumpkin Pie Time, <i>Bert Smiley</i>	34
Rain on the Lake, <i>Maude de Verse Newton</i>	40
Reality, <i>Raymond Kresensky</i>	106
Rebirth, <i>Robert Schreffler</i>	28
Reticence, <i>Earl D. Van Deman</i>	50
Roads Also Sleep, <i>Glenn T. Neville</i>	93
Romany, <i>Irene Wilde</i>	69
Sai Min Elegy, <i>Howard D. Case</i>	61
San Quentin Prison, <i>Ruby McLeod Taylor</i>	73
Settin' Aroun', <i>Mabel F. Blakeslee</i>	125
Ships, <i>B. Y. Williams</i>	43
Silver Scarfs, <i>Rosa Zagnoni Marinoni</i>	73
Silver Ships, <i>Charles Bancroft</i>	92
Song of a Mother, <i>Gladys Ann Wagstaff</i>	100
Song of the South Seas, <i>R. Carroll Pew</i>	59
Song of the Sky Rider, <i>Will Chamberlain</i>	9
Sorting Years, <i>Philip M. Raskin</i>	63
So Long, School, <i>Sophie E. Redford</i>	68
Spring at Home, <i>Annette Patton Cornell</i>	40
Storm-Blown Flower, <i>Ruby Pearl Patterson</i>	90
Thanksgiving, <i>Phoebe A. Naylor</i>	20
Thanksgiving, <i>W. F. Stuart</i>	20
Thanksgiving, <i>Elizabeth Davis Richards</i>	76
Thanksgiving Words, <i>George Elliston</i>	43
That Which Abides, <i>Mary Pollard Tynes</i>	29
Theresa of San Luis Del Bac, <i>D. Maitland Bushby</i>	112
The Alaska Pioneer, <i>Esther Birdsall Darling</i>	54
The Aviator, <i>Laura Bell Everett</i>	88
The Air-Mail Pilot, <i>Anne M. Robinson</i>	8

The Bluebells of Mt. Shasta, <i>Mabel W. Phillips</i>	70
The Church, <i>Susie Aiken Winold</i>	44
The Church of the Heart, <i>John Trotwood Moore</i>	64
The City and Civilization, <i>Millard S. Burns</i>	23
The Crossing Watchman, <i>Florida Watts Smyth</i>	106
The Deserted Schoolhouse, <i>Mary E. Isham</i>	117
The Empty Stockings, <i>A. M. Sedgwick</i>	62
The Essence Eternal, <i>L. B. Cullen Jones</i>	104
The Final Refuge, <i>Elkanah East Taylor</i>	62
The Holy Child, <i>H. H. M'Kinney</i>	22
The Hostel, <i>Arthur Goodenough</i>	8
The Imposter, <i>Helen Parkinson-Neal</i>	124
The Jewish Warrior, <i>H. Segal</i>	65
The Kick in a Kite, <i>Charles A. Heath</i>	36
The Legend of Butte Saint Paul, <i>Flora Cameron Burr</i>	16
The Little House, <i>Laura R. Underbill</i>	45
The Little Old Church, <i>Mary Ballard Bird</i>	47
The Little Waves at Play, <i>Jared G. Smith</i>	58
The Maid in the Garden, <i>Henry Polk Lowenstein</i>	66
The Mystic Rose, <i>F. A. Dewson</i>	62
The Mystic Vagabond, <i>Percy MacKaye</i>	15
"The Old Man of the Mountain," <i>Marianna Fox Smith</i>	69
The Old Settler's Sunset, <i>Charles A. Heath</i>	37
The Passing of the Pines, <i>Cecelia Maloney</i>	12
The Sea Is a Siren, <i>Ellen M. Carroll</i>	74
The Shamrock, <i>John S. Ormsby</i>	19
The Thought Consoling, <i>Arthur Goodenough</i>	25

The Travel Bureau, <i>Charles Grenville Wilson</i>	39
The Uncounted Third, <i>Edith Tatum</i>	73
The Way of Life, <i>Bishop James Henry Darlington</i>	58
The Woodpecker Bird, <i>William R. Dineen</i>	45
They Who Wait, <i>E. O. Laughlin</i>	35
Thine Enemy, <i>Flora Brownlee Walker</i>	66
This Hill, <i>H. R. H.</i>	67
To 1929, <i>Mary Q. Laughlin</i>	19
To An Old-Fashioned Portrait of a Girl Graduate, <i>Annie Laura Cheves</i>	110
To a Player on the Radio, <i>Beulah May</i>	124
To a Tree Drifting on the Missouri, <i>Will Chamberlain</i>	126
To Vesta, <i>Lowe W. Wren</i>	67
Tolerance, <i>Jessica Lewis</i>	65
Touring, <i>Francesca Miller</i>	30
Tumbleweed, <i>Lynas Clyde Seal</i>	53
Twilight, <i>Gertrude Schroder</i>	90
Villanelle, <i>Anne M. Robbins</i>	83
Wayside Market, <i>Adelaide H. Tatman</i>	104
Weaving a Web, <i>Henry Coffin Fellow</i>	14
What Mystery Enchants Me, <i>Helen Myra Ross</i>	47
Whether, <i>Philip H. Cummings</i>	112
We Wish Our Lives Away, <i>Henry Polk</i> <i>Lowenstein</i>	68
When Spring Is in the Air, <i>Mary Alef Sparks</i>	111
When the Trains Are Coming In, <i>Alice McGeorge</i>	123
When Youth Is Done, <i>Aline Michaelis</i>	11
White May, <i>Maud Chegwidden</i>	100
Wind and Sail, <i>Lowe W. Wren</i>	68

Wisdom, <i>H. Raynesford Mulder</i>	83
Wisdom, <i>Theressa M. De Fosset</i>	51
With Golden Thread, <i>Margarette Ball Dickson</i>	55
Winter Petition to a Marsh Hawk, <i>Jay G. Sigmund</i> ..	31
Winter Song for River Fishers, <i>Jay G. Sigmund</i>	26
Wolf, <i>Wilbert Snow</i>	78
Woman in a Limousine, <i>Helen Maring</i>	102
"Words," <i>Stella Kobrin</i>	80
Youth's Dreams, <i>Elna Forsall Pawson</i>	89

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